THE JOYCE I KNEW, BY OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"TO SING WITH THE ANGELS"
By Maurice Hindus
Reviewed by Emil Lengyel

"RANDOM HARVEST"
By James Hilton
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

"HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND"
By George Sessions Perry
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"MY SISTER AND I"
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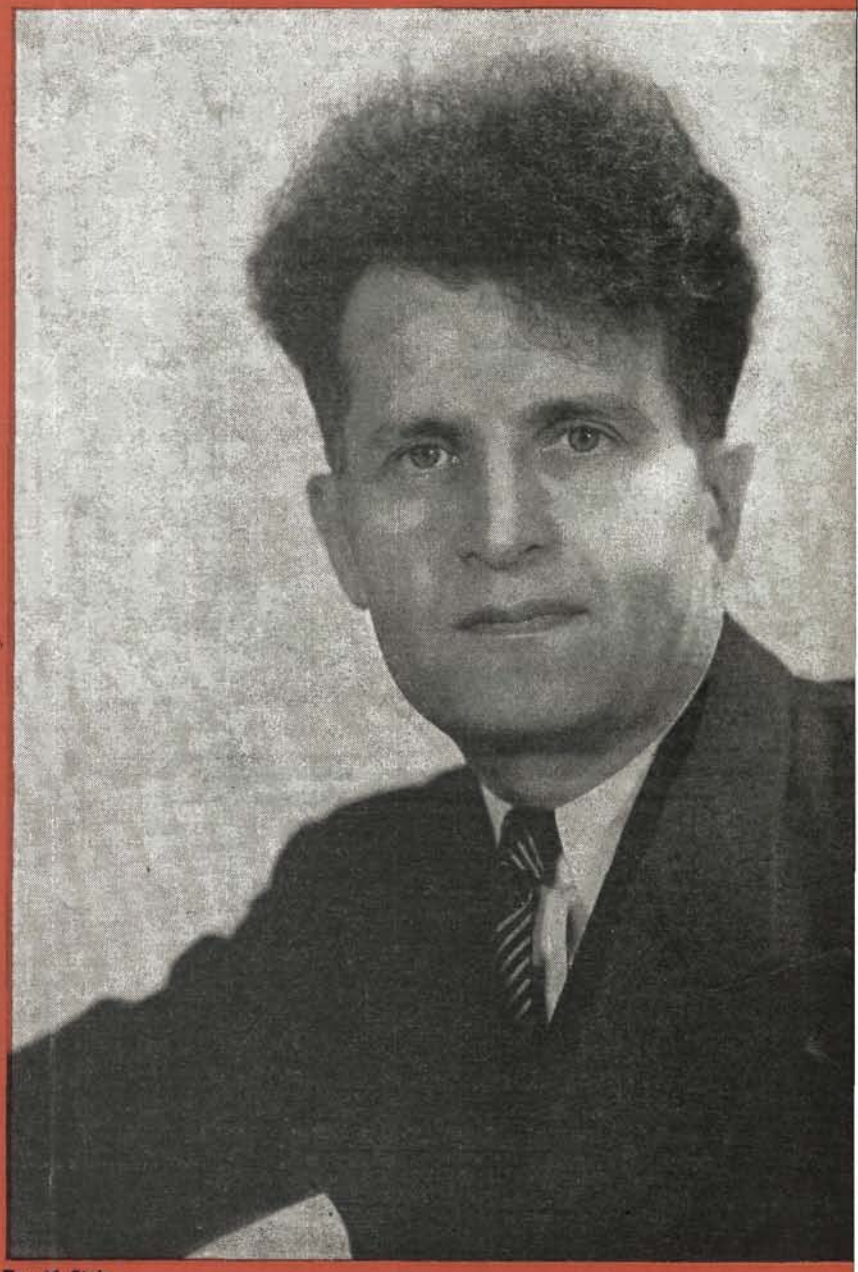

Harold Stein

MAURICE HINDUS—His book, "To Live with the Angels," is a novel and a very good one at that. Its characters are sharply etched, they breathe the real atr of the Czech hills." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Joyce I Knew

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

THE National Library stands in a little park off Kildare St. Dublin. It is a domed structure and faces a similar building, the National Museum. Both are surrounded by a pillared circular portico. Between these a seated figure of Queen Victoria holding a sceptre, on a high pedestal of white stone, adorns the lawn.

This library was used chiefly by students who found it most beneficial. It enabled "medicals" to pawn the expensive books their parents provided and to spend the money in counteracting the results which their soberer studies might be expected to produce on their spirits. Law and engineering students and a few "lady medicals" with one or two "queer" characters made up the attendance. The sporting fraternity and city idlers found no appropriate reading matter in the National Library because by order of the Director, Dr. Lyster, all reports of horse races and such items had been blotted out from the daily newspapers.

The atmosphere of the place was friendly, for the readers were all more or less known to each other. The service was prompt and it took only a minute or two to obtain any book or books, listed on one of the slips provided at the desk.

The large round room which was rarely ever full, was furnished by oak tables and chairs. The tables held from six to ten readers each. On each a notice, "Silence Please," stood.

With his back towards the centre of the room a slim figure was seated in front of a large map. He was wielding a compass in his computations. He wore—which was rather remarkable—a white yachting cap. Frayed white rubber shoes matched the cap. His trousers of dark grey cloth were worn and ran into little torn tassels at the heels.

Filled with curiosity I took a seat beside him. I was astonished to discover that the shy youth was an acquaintance I had made some months before with Vincent Cosgrave, a common friend, who was what was known as a "chronic medical," that is one who had taken lectures, walked the hospitals, but had failed to keep pace with the examinations. The shy youth was carrying two volumes (won as a prize for English literature) of Paracelsus, bound in red morocco, to the pawnbroker.

I said "Hello, Joyce."

Gravely the near-sighted blue eyes with their broad, curved, light brown lashes saluted me. Without preamble, he said:

"From Ushant to Scilly is more than thirty-five leagues." I observed that the map spread in front of him was a map of the English Channel.

Although he saw that his remark had failed to convey all his meaning, he did nothing to enlighten me. This, I was to find later, was a mannerism. Instead he sang in a low, sweet voice.

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, Ladies of Spain:
For we've received orders to sail for Old England
But we hope that we one day may meet you again.

James Joyce

Then with his voice filling and his finger beating time and, as it were, admonishing me, he continued

We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors;
We'll rant and we'll roar across the the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

It's forty.

Suddenly from the opposite side of the table a clergyman with a broad red face, shouted, "Silence, please," and pushed roughly towards us the wooden notice on which the words were written.

With strange gravity James Augustine Joyce bowed his head towards the priest and continued to point out to me the beauties of the old sea chanty with its assonantal rhyme "seas" with "leagues."

The priest rose with a snort and made for the door. James Augustine Joyce picked up from the floor an ash plant which he used as a walking stick and made after him. He walked silently in his white rubber shoes with a loping stride. At the door he overtook Fr. O'Driscoll.

"Might I ask, Father, are you a parish priest?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because you have the manners of one."

I wondered at the time what had been the cause of such bias against the Church. Later I learnt.

He came from the lower middle class society, as that social stratum was dubbed in Victoria's day. His father had some little income of about $250 a year. This he spent on drink and good fellowship while his wife who was delicately nurtured was left to feed her starving sons and daughters as best she could. There are stories still current about "auld Joyce," with his smattering of law probably derived from his brother, James's uncle, who worked in an attorney's office and was what was known as a solicitor's clerk. Old Joyce was said to have

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been paid by many a landlord to take himself and his family out of the house.

Joyce was deeply attached to his mother. He described how he had seen her with her delicate fingers red from the lice she had killed on the bodies of his starving sisters. From such a home did Joyce when he was at the impressionable age of eleven come to that class in a Jesuit school to hear the sermon on eternity which he describes as timed for one hour by the clergyman's watch. It was a turning point for Joyce. For from the psychic trauma of that sermon I believe he never recovered. Coming famished from such a house at that moment the child's mind was filled with terror that later was to turn impotently to rage against the Word which is God and by making it, the Word, maudlin, to rid himself of responsibility to the God of his childhood and the heritage of eternal punishment.

This Hound of Heaven pursued him relentlessly to the end. There is no doubt about the "Prius dementat." But there is another factor which arises from the character of the nation and the spirit abroad at the time which AE has touched upon and which will be referred to later on.

He won a second class prize of twenty pounds in the Intermediate examinations. Most of this he gave to his mother but he kept eight pounds to pay one year's rent of one of those fortresses with which the British Government dotted the east coast of Ireland after the threat of a French invasion during the Napoleonic wars.

This is the Tower mentioned in the first lines of Ulysses from the stairs of which a figure with smoke blue eyes and glistening teeth emerges carrying shaving materials preparatory to going out to swim. The person so described is said to be myself as it well may be, so alien is that gay, water-loving character who moved not sullen in the sweet air to all the thwarted, mad, miserable phantoms of the rest of that terrible exposition of indignation and revolt.

The first day we got the tower, Joyce, with inherited learning in such matters, "took possession" by depositing in it a bundle of sweet and simple poems. They were written in his beautiful and learned handwriting, each on a large separate sheet of paper. He took pains to explain that, as we had left in it private property, the bargain was ratified.

We had possession of a secure house. The next thing necessary was furniture. This I provided from the maternal home in Rutland Square.

For two years we lived off and on in this impregnable place. Whoever was likely to be home first bore the key which was a foot and a half in length.

THIS WEEK

Articles

PAGE

THE JOYCE I KNEW
By Oliver St. John Gogarty 3

ARCHITECTURE IN LITERATURE
By Carl P. Rollins 12

POETRY AND POPPYCOCK
By Elizabeth Jackson 13

Reviews

TO SING WITH THE ANGELS
By Maurice Hindus
Reviewed by Emil Lengyel 5

RANDOM HARVEST
By James Hilton
Reviewed by William Rose Benét 6

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND
By George Sessions Perry
Reviewed by Phil Stong 6

THE VANDERBILT LEGEND
By Wayne Andrews
Reviewed by Palmer Harman 7

MY SISTER AND I
By Dirk van der Heide
Reviewed by Rosemary Carr Benét 7

AN INQUIRY INTO MEANING AND TRUTH
By Bertrand Russell
Reviewed by Hugh Walpole 10

AN INDEX TO THE COLUMBIA EDITION OF THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON
By Frank Allen Patterson
Reviewed by Alexander W. Witherspoon 11

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE SANTAYANA
Edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp
Reviewed by Robert Bierstedt 11

CARL MILLES
By Meyric R. Rogers
Reviewed by Robert Cronbach 17

ALVAR NUNEZ CABEZA DE VACA
By Cleve Hallenbeck
Reviewed by Allan Nevins 17

INAGUA
By Gilbert Klingel
Reviewed by Clifford H. Pope 18

PRINCE METTERNICH: STATESMAN AND LOVER
By Raoul Auernheimer
Reviewed by Crane Brinton 18

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 5
EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
AUTHOR, AUTHOR! 10
THE NEW BOOKS 19
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 19
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 357 23
TRADE WINDS 24

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"You'd be a long time hitting a man with that before you'd make him laugh," said the Stationmaster at Sandycove when he saw it in my hand. We were warm, comfortable, and secure. And both our parents were spared anxiety on account of the vertiginous and variegated paths that those who would climb the hoofy hill must follow.

One morning in pursuance of certain by-laws of the railway and tram companies, discouraging to those who have no tickets, we decided to walk to the city. On the way Joyce told me that he could easily do the distance, that he had been fancied as a long distance runner by his uncle. I thought that his uncle could have been but a poor judge of stamina if he expected it from the lean and undernourished body of his nephew.

On the way we met old Yeats, the father of the poet. He came on, walking rapidly towards us on the narrow sideway. He looked erect and tall and energetic. His black eyes burned brightly in spite of his years and his white beard and thick, whitening hair showed the vigor of the man.

I told Joyce who the pedestrian was.

"The father of the bard! Touch him!" He directed.

This I refused to do. Joyce stopped him with:

"Good morning, Mr. Yeats."

After a little conversation with which I did not care to be associated, knowing its import, I heard the old man exclaim indignantly.

"Ten pence? Certainly not! I have not the least intention of encouraging drunkards."

Joyce wrote to me saying that it was necessary for him to get a suit of clothes in order to sing at parties. He planned to get Dolmetsch to make a lute for him to which to sing in the south coast towns of England old catches, songs, and ballads which had for centuries fallen out of mind.

I remember one he loved. He sang it with his clarion clear tenor voice, that sounded more like an instrument than mortal vocal cords.

Fresh a coom from Sandwith Street
Dollie, Dollie
My best friends here for to meet
Dollie, Ah!
Dollie de dil, and do,
Dollie, Dollie
Dollie de dil, and do,
Dollie Ah!
The Green Cuffs is coomin' in
Dollie, Dollie
That will make the lasses sing,
Dollie Ah!

Then turning to me, with serious brow and forefinger beating time, he would announce,

Dollie Coxon's pawned her shirt
To ride upon the baggage cart.
Dollie Ah!

(*Continued on page* 15)

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Of Inhuman Bondage

TO SING WITH THE ANGELS. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1941. 586 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EMIL LENGYEL

THIS is the story of a Moravian village, and also of all Europe. It is the chronicle of a few months, and of all times. Annichka was only one of the girls of the village, but she might as well be all free Czechoslovakia. Jozhka was unique, because he was the son of the only German in the village. Just the same, this young German might as well be a picture of all the Nazis.

The Czech girl and the German boy were in love and they got married. Then Hitler came to the small village and Jozhka became his commissar. The life of the entire village was upset. Old residents disappeared and new settlers came. Some of them came from southern Tyrol and others came from the Baltic region. German Gestapo agents came, too, and where there had been only love, people were forced to hate. Jozhka loved the Fuehrer with all the exuberance of his youth, and for his sake he was ready to destroy his own father, who detested the Fuehrer. A new order came into the village, ruthless and efficient elsewhere, but here only ruthless. Peace-loving people learned to thrive on underground civil war. Farms were consumed by flames, and sturdy nerves were wrecked.

On the vast stage of this long novel little people are sucked into the whirlwind and hurled to the ground. They are the playthings of events over which neither they nor other tens of millions have the least control. Their small world mirrors a cosmos which belongs to another era and to another type of man.

In this book there are clashes of loyalties between fathers and sons, sense and sanity. There are also clashes of allegiances between the desire for personal happiness and the call of a human cause. There are in it also moments of joy and ages of agony. Love meets hatred and they produce a monstrous offspring.

Peasants in Bratislava
"From a Wanderer in Woodcuts," by H. Glintenkamp.

Maurice Hindus has an established name as a political writer. He has written several excellent books on the Soviet Union. This is his second book with a Czech background.

"To Sing with the Angels" is a novel and a very good one at that. Its characters are sharply etched, they breathe the real air of the Czech hills. The suspense of the plot is sustained, and the language of the book is both beautiful and real. The world drama is part of the plot, enhancing rather than reducing its poignancy. The great reputation of Hindus as a political writer should not be held against him as a novelist. He is as good in his new field as he was in the other one. And he *is* a novelist, not merely a political writer in disguise.

It is true that Maurice Hindus occasionally puts his day-dreams into this novel, as, for instance, in the scene where the Nazis of the village are kidnapped and subjected to a humiliating operation. But they are incidents which readers will find to their liking. They will feel that if justice no longer seems to be apparent in the Old World, it should be permitted to prevail at least in fiction. It is this reviewer's opinion that in this book Maurice Hindus again deserves well of the reading public. "They thought," the heroine of the novel half sobs, "they'd make us howl with the wolves to the end of time, but someday we'll sing with angels again—with the angels!"

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

STOOGES FOR FICTION DETECTIVES

"Excellent!" cries Dr. Watson. "Elementary!" says Holmes, and so sets a fashion in mystery fiction that still endures. Of course, not every present-day Sherlock has his Watson, but the gentlemen briefly described below have admirably filled the role of stooge to the Great Detective whose deeds they have chronicled. How many of them do you remember? Allow 5 points for each one you can name correctly, and 5 for each detective. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 7.

1. A reporter on *The New York Star,* he wrote up the cases of that scientific detective who was a professor of chemistry at Columbia University. Author: Arthur B. Reeve.

2. The triumphs of this brainy scientist who was known as "the thinking machine" were recorded by a reporter on *The Boston Daily American.* Author: Jacques Futrelle.

3. This stooge was a private detective, whose business was chiefly in divorces and defalcations, but when he got really stuck he consulted his blind friend, whose hobbies were numismatics and criminology. Author: Ernest Bramah.

4. And this one was a member of both the medical and legal professions, as was his extremely scientific detective friend. Author: Austin Freeman.

5. Except for a three-year interlude in Argentina, this World War veteran was a help to his friend, the egotistic Belgian detective, because he was usually so completely wrong about everything. Author: Agatha Christie.

6. Secretary and legal adviser to a wealthy dilettante, whose expert knowledge embraced such fields as chess, dogs, Egyptian art, Chinese pottery, precious stones, and horse racing. Author: S. S. Van Dine.

7. Known by his initials only, he wrote an introduction to every book in which his favorite detective chronicled his own successes. Author: Ellery Queen.

8. Secretary to the busy, efficient Police Commissioner of New York City. Author: Anthony Abbot.

9. A member of the British Secret Service, he was constantly becoming involved in weird cases because of his superior officer, a gruff old gentleman affectionately referred to by his initials. Author: Carter Dickson.

10. This young man did all the leg work for his boss, whose huge bulk, magnificent orchids, and sheer laziness kept him from leaving his house. Author: Rex Stout.

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An Amnesia Novel

RANDOM HARVEST. By James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1941. 327 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WITH the success of "Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon" no one could deny Mr. James Hilton the ability to appeal to a large reading public. He is also an expert writer who seeks unusual subjects. A good deal of his new book, "Random Harvest," holds the attention. It has lapses. It has what might almost be called a "trick ending," which the ethics of reviewing prevent one from disclosing. But it is that very ending that raises a considerable doubt in this reviewer's mind.

There has been much fiction concerned with that fascinating subject, loss of memory. This book is about an Englishman, Charles Rainier, who was shell-shocked in the Great War. The story opens when a Mr. Harrison, who later becomes Rainier's secretary, meets Rainier in November, 1937, in the dining-car of an English train. Harrison learns that when Rainier came to himself on a park bench in Liverpool at the end of December, 1919, the last thing he could remember was being blown up by a shell on a suicidal *reconnaisance* in France. The remainder of the story concerns, among other things, Rainier's regaining of complete memory. In Liverpool he remembers who is and from where, and goes home. He finds his father dying and soon is included by help of the family lawyer, in the bequests. He doesn't want the money, but he takes it and so enters upon a lifetime of running the firm of Rainier's Ltd., and pulling it and the family out of a financial mess. He nearly marries his niece Kitty, but finally enters upon a loveless (on his part) but most efficient marriage with his secretary. It is at this point that Harrison makes his acquaintance. The new war and Hitler are looming upon the horizon and Rainier is now a notable M.P. One evening, Rainier is nudged by memory to take a night-drive to a certain London suburb. That visit makes everything click into place in his mind. In the shadow of the most evil hour England has ever seen, his life now comes full circle. That is all the reviewer is privileged to say.

In criticism we must enter these demurrers: First, about half of Part Two, concerned with the Rainier family, seemed to us tedious because the family were dull parasites. When after this, the story finally got going it held us to the end. This reviewer's main objection, however, resides in the arguable matter of recognition of identity. We remember having the same trouble years ago with a different sort of novel, Katharine Cecil Thurston's "The Masquerader." Marriage is a very intimate matter. And all we will say is that, to us, credulity is stretched pretty far in this book.

Elmer Fryer

James Hilton

George Sessions Perry

Sam's Struggle with Nature

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND. By George Sessions Perry. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 249 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE "poor white" school of Southern literature made some such book as this inevitable, finally. Here at last is the poor tenant farmer with two called strikes on him, who has the fortitude of body and resourcefulness of spirit to enjoy life very much indeed. Sam Tucker is a magnificent character, cheerful, hard-working, competent, delighted with such gaudy luxuries as a nickel bag of candy for the children, a piece of calico for his brave wife, a "piece" of sorghum for his cornbread.

The events of the book are small but they are magnified by their bearing on Sam's struggle with inimical nature. He starts out with a one-dollar credit at the store, a good wife, three children, a hunting dog, and an old "Granny," excellently drawn, who is childish in everything but malice. He has a contract to farm sixty-odd rich but difficult acres for a dollar and twenty-five cents a day, six bits for his work and four bits for his wife's. But the author starts him out in a wrecked cabin at the beginning of winter when for a long season it is impossible for him to do the work to earn this money.

Sam, however, is what Emerson was thinking of when he wrote "Self-Reliance." Nature withholds her crops so Sam lives on Nature's possums and buffalo carp. He and a skunk get the drop on each other at the same time, but Sam shoots first and returns from his hunting trip with incredible wealth in furs—twelve dollars—with which he is able to pay up a six dollar store bill that has been standing only a few years, buy snuff for Granny, cigarette makin's for himself, and pencils for the daughter. Cannily, he spends his money on his family before he buys his own thirty-five cent half-pint of rotgut.

The story has true intimacy, nobility, and suspense and it is written with considerable humor. "Tobacco Road" could use some of the lines, particularly one where Sam, pleasantly uxorious but embarrassed by the limitations of a one-bedroom cabin, suspects that "sometimes Granny is just pretendin' to sleep." The man does not truly distinguish between the characters of his hunting dog, his children, his borrowed cow, and a magnificent catfish with whom he has a summer-long duel. Sam is infantile in some ways but in serious matters he is generous, decent, and sensitive, and once interest is started in the man one will not leave him lightly before his triumph is realized.

And now, if Messrs. Caldwell, Faulkner, *et al,* will permit us, let us leave the miserable peasant gorging himself on Sorghum, sowbelly and sex, and liking it.

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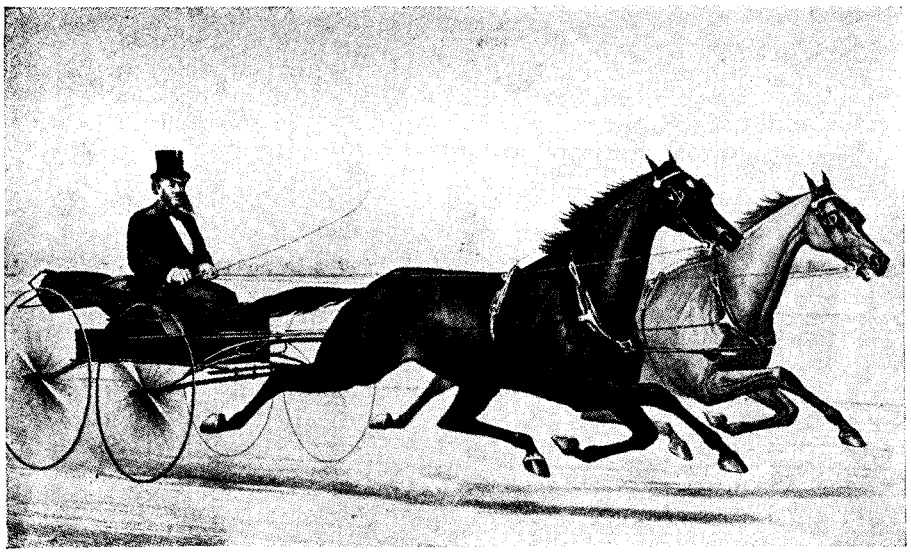

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

W. H. Vanderbilt as Currier & Ives depicted him.

Poor Boy Makes Good

THE VANDERBILT LEGEND. By Wayne Andrews. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 454 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, the "Commodore," entered business in the first decade of the nineteenth century by doing odd cargo jobs around New York harbor in a sailboat, bought with a hundred-dollar loan from his mother. At his death in 1877 he had a hundred millions. His son William Henry, who died only eight years later, nursed the fortune to twice that amount by developing the railroad empire which Cornelius had founded.

Such was the staggering achievement of these two men, and Mr. Andrews is right in devoting more than half of his book to their exploits. After them, the plot grows thin instead of thick. Management takes the place of pioneering, numerous children (mostly girls) branch off into relative obscurity with comfortable inheritances, and the heads of the house tend to lose their identity under the anonymous mass of the corporations with which they are connected. They become generals, governors, editors, playboys—but other men have done all that.

Old Cornelius never lost his waterfront ways. His coastal steamboats unconcernedly smashed the monopoly of men like Fulton and Livingston, who relied on the law for their "rights." With an instinct for the jugular, he seized and maintained against all comers the narrow overland route through Nicaragua, the only alternative (except for Cape Horn) to the 'cross-country trek to California, and levied tribute on the steamship lines plying on both coasts. He alternately trimmed and was trimmed by the ineffable Drew-Fisk-Gould crowd, and picked up several millions by cornering Hudson River Railroad stock. With it all, the Commodore was pious and a bit of a mystic.

One achievement remained—to attain the behavior, the tastes, and the social acceptability expected of wealthy families in pre-café New York. This was no work for men. It was accomplished by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt the First with her matchless chateau at 660 Fifth Avenue and her colossal fancy dress ball, which forced the capitulation of Mrs. Astor, the reigning social arbiter. This was magnificent, but it was suicide. When the parlor organ disappears, what is to distinguish one millionaire from another?

Mr. Andrews's book is a piece of redoubtable research and skilfully masks the disjointedness of the family's later annals. The record is all that could be desired, the writing is lively, and the tone tolerantly satiric.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Walter Jameson, for Craig Kennedy.
2. Hutchinson Hatch, for Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen.
3. Louis Carlyle, for Max Carrados.
4. Dr. Christopher Jervis, for Dr. John Thorndyke.
5. Captain Arthur Hastings, for Hercule Poirot.
6. S. S. Van Dine, for Philo Vance.
7. J. J. McC., for Ellery Queen.
8. Anthony Abbot, for Thatcher Colt.
9. Kenwood Blake, for Sir Henry Merrivale.
10. Archie Goodwin, for Nero Wolfe.

Child's War Diary

MY SISTER AND I. The Diary of a Dutch Boy Refugee. By Dirk van der Heide. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1941. 95 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT

THE fact that this is one of the first of what will undoubtedly be a long series of books telling how children are affected by the present war, does not make it any less moving or interesting. There will be many examples of what horror and upheaval can do to the impressionable child mind. Those after-effects of shock may be a problem for many people when the war has long been finished. Children are tough and can stand a good deal, but complete nightmare is bound to leave its mark.

In this instance, we have the case-history of a twelve-year old Dutch boy, in the form of his diary which runs from May 7th to July 10th, 1940. There is one last entry after his arrival in this country, dated September 1940. The boy is called Dirk van der Heide, though that is not his real name. His father was a well-to-do veterinary living outside Rotterdam. His mother did work in a hospital. He had a sister, Keetje, nine. They lived in a fifteen-room house and had two servants. One minute they were enjoying a comfortable, bourgeois life and the next, they were in chaos. On May 8th, Dirk was thinking about saving for a new bicycle and about his homework, a composition on Erasmus, and Keetje was getting over a cold so she could go back to school. The next day, the Nazis came into Holland and the nightmare began. The children hid in a nearby air-raid cellar and listened to the earth shaking. They heard the city being bombed all day and saw their neighbors' houses destroyed and were sick from fright. Their mother was caught by a bomb that fell on her in the hospital and was killed. Then their uncle fled with them to England. After great hardship, he managed to get them on a boat bound for America and safety. Dirk adds in his last entry "The doctor says I am nervous and can't concentrate very well yet because of the bombing but that I will be all right later."

This is supposed to be the diary of the boy himself, added to at the suggestion of the ship's captain coming over, and translated from the Dutch by Mrs. Antoon Deventer. It seems likely that the material may have been rearranged by an adult hand but in this case, that is not particularly important. It is a child's view of a catastrophe. The events happened that way . . . and the story is harrowing.

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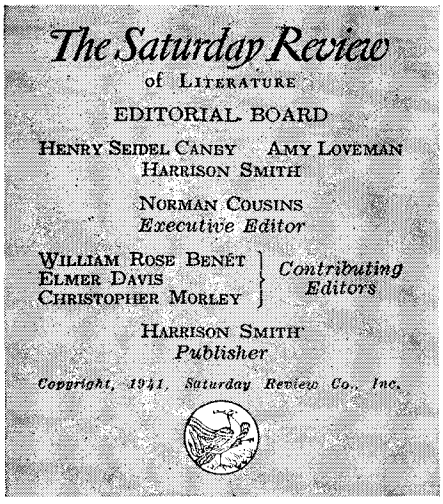

LIBERTY AND LITERATURE

IF we are late in reporting on this book* it is because we have been holding it for editorial discussion. It is a work of stature and, we hope, enduring importance. It is a convention of ideas, as its title indicates, on the meaning of freedom. While it suffers to some extent from a small degree of duplication and confliction—apparently inevitable in most joint efforts—it nevertheless manages to present, orderly and intelligently, in a single volume, a wide and stimulating range of viewpoints and evaluations by leading thinkers.

Appraising this book is difficult; all the things that should be said about it have been said so often about lesser works that the adjectives which seem to fit this particular occasion seem trite and threadbare. And yet these words, overworked as they are, will have to be called on again: "Freedom: Its Meaning" is meaty, rich, significant (how this adjective in particular seems to have been shorn of all weight!), timely, and provocative. Its forty-odd contributors include James Truslow Adams, Alfred N. Whitehead, Jacques Maritain, Thomas Mann, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Charles A. Beard, Henry A. Wallace, Henri Bergson, James T. Shotwell, Edward S. Corwin, Franz Boas, Ralph Barton Perry, Frank Kingdon, Robert A. Millikan, Wm. Pepperell Montague, and Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Several of them cover substantially the same ground and with substantially the same approach. But outside that is an ample margin of individual conception and scope, embracing the meaning of freedom to historians, educators, philosophers, psychologists, sociologists, theologians, biologists, physicists, mathematicians; in short, to scholars in all fields, in universities or in the arena of action.

The book's chief defect is one which *The Saturday Review* has mentioned before in connection with other important titles in the literature for liberty: it is not addressed, in tone, approach, or format to the needs or capacities of a popular audience. It is a safe guess perhaps that most of those who read it may be said to come to it with an already fairly well-developed sympathy for the subject and are looking for ideas to complement rather than to awaken their own thinking. But beyond this group are vast numbers of readers yet to be reached—a group which perhaps has the dominant part in making the vital and even ultimate decisions affecting this country.

But for what it is, and for what it does, "Freedom: Its Meaning" stands well up in the front shelf of the many titles group together under the broad category of "we or they." We commend it to our readers, particularly the chapters by Dr. Shotwell ("Freedom—Its History and Meaning"), Dr. Whitehead ("Aspects of Freedom"), Dr. Adams ("Freedom in America"), Dr. Montague ("Freedom and Nominalism"), and Dr. Schneider ("Epilogue"). There is some duplication, as mentioned before, but there is also ample margin for varying interpretations. Dr. Shotwell, in a well-integrated essay, emphasizes the debt of America to history, especially to Britain, for its progress in establishing various freedoms for its citizens. Dr. Adams, who has perhaps the most straightforward, clearest chapter in the volume, acknowledges this debt but emphasizes also the peculiar native factors contributing to these freedoms, principally the frontier aspect of American civilization. Dr. Shotwell, as part of his contention that America cannot remain free in a world where freedom does not exist elsewhere, quotes Woodrow Wilson's statement that democracy here could not be safe except in a world of nations to which the promise of American life meant something. Dr. Adams, however, believes it to be "one of the tragic failures of Woodrow Wilson that he did not realize that a government suited to one people could not be made to work by another."

It is not easy to draw a least common denominator from all the essays in this book. But if there is one, it is that the quality of freedom is not chained; it is universal *in* men, if not *with* men. Spokesmen for freedom come from no one nation, no one race, no one age. They call out to us from history just as they are calling to us today from between the covers of this book.

What they are trying to tell us is that here in this land we have the ground and the material for the construction of the mightiest edifice of freedom yet known to man. That this building has not yet been completed here is the fault of everyone of us, but that does not mean that we should stop here or that those faults are irremediable. Democracy as a way of life, under ordinary circumstances, provides for an ample margin of error.

But there are times in history when extraordinary situations prevail, at which point that permissible margin of error tends to become smaller. That is why every decision we make today is more like an ultimate decision than in almost any other period of our history.

N. C.

*FREEDOM: ITS MEANING. By Ruth Nanda Anshen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 686 pp. $4.

As Spoke the Certain Wind

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

LET the eye remember the long view
Across the meadow to the darkening wood,
Where the great wind of winter blew,
And how still in the heavens the sun stood.
Let the heart remember the white day
That bloomed in the radiant silence there,
As though the cold millenium had come to stay,
The time of frost, of diamond-sharpened air.
Let memory speak to the uncertain mind
Filled with the echoing voices of unrest.
Let memory speak as spoke the certain wind,
Stirring the mantle on the earth's quiet breast.
Let the clear icicle in the arc of night
Break with an echo exquisitely thin,
And fall like a broken dagger of light
To where the fields of snow begin.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

An Old Slander Refuted

SIR:—M. Lincoln Schuster's "A Treasury of the World's Great Letters" is an uncommonly original and absorbing book. It is too bad, however, that on page 308 Mr. Schuster should give currency to an unauthenticated slander on Charles Dickens.

Nobody has ever believed that Ellen Ternan was the cause of Dickens's separation from his wife. The marriage had been unhappy for many years; indeed if I may be pardoned an Irishism, it was unhappy even before it began. It is true that at the time of the separation Mrs. Dickens was jealous of Ellen, with whom Dickens had appeared in private theatricals, but it is also true that Dickens declared, "Upon my soul and honor, there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I knew her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own dear daughters," and that he compelled those who had declared otherwise to eat their words.

The scandal to which the letter in Mr. Schuster's volumes unfortunately has given renewed currency was revived in 1935 by the late Thomas Wright, who published in his dotage a bad "Life" of Charles Dickens. In this book, Mr. Wright asserted that after Dickens's separation from his wife, Ellen Ternan became his mistress. For this amazing statement Mr. Wright cited nothing that could be called evidence. Canon William Benham, who died in 1910 and who could not therefore be called to the witness stand in 1935, told him, so he alleged, that Ellen Ternan had confessed the relationship to him!

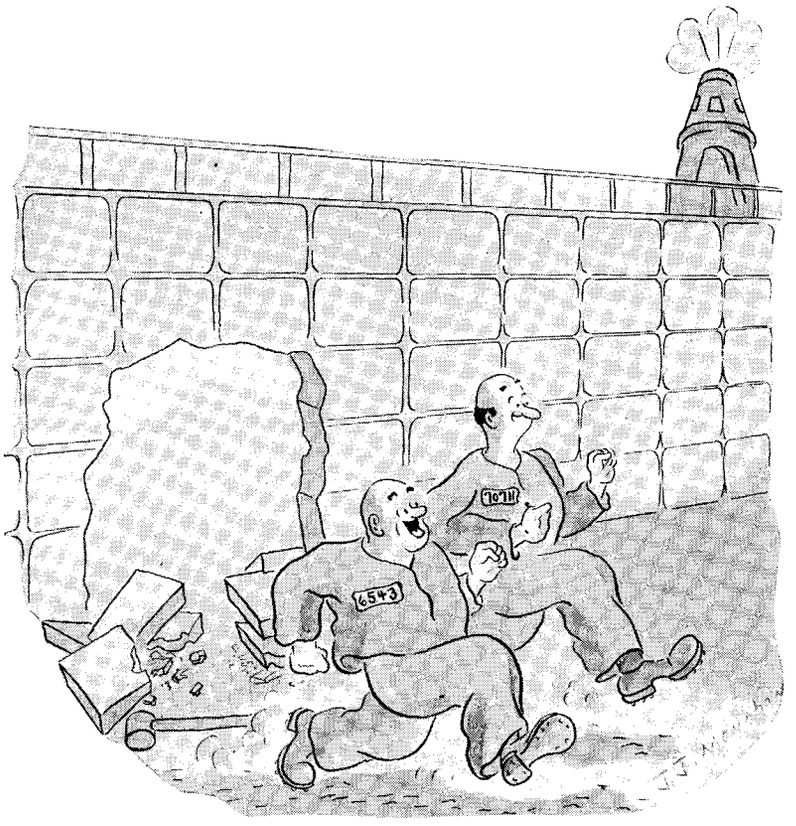
There is only one word that could adequately describe all this, and that word is not printable. Mr. Wright's statement did not indeed deserve the careful and convincing refutation which that eminent Dickens authority, Mr. J. W. T. Ley, gave it at the time in "The Dickensian."

There the matter rested until in 1939 Dickens's daughter, Mrs. Kate Perugini, saw fit to spit posthumously on her father's grave. Mrs. Perugini, so the gossip goes, had herself once written the story of her father's delinquencies, but had destroyed the manuscript on the advice of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Dying, she entrusted this amiable task to her friend, Miss Gladys Storey, who promptly rushed into print with a book called "Dickens and Daughter," in which she manifested no more ability in weighing evidence than a kindergarten child, and of which it is hardly too much to say that it does not contain two consecutive coherent sentences.

When the break came between Mr. and Mrs. Dickens all the children except the eldest son remained with Dickens, and he went to his mother at Dickens's own request that he might care for her. In her prime, Mrs. Perugini herself, like all Dickens's other children, had nothing but the kindest and most admiring things to say about her father. It is certainly much easier to believe that in her old age Mrs. Perugini became irresponsible than it is to believe that the other nine children of Dickens were all cads and all the friends who have written of him shameless hypocrites.

I cannot, of course, "prove" that Dickens was never guilty of improper conduct with the woman whom he left £1000 in his will. That is not at all necessary. The burden of proof lies on the other side. Until such proof appears, what I wrote about Dickens's marital relations in "The Man Charles Dickens" (Houghton Mifflin, 1929) still stands. Nothing in the since published "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens, His Letters to Her" can contradict me. I may add however that I have been privileged to read the first draft of a book which Mr. Ley has written on the subject of Dickens's relations with his wife. If this idiotic war ever comes to an end and Mr. Ley is given the leisure to finish that study, I have no doubt it will close the subject.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT.
University of Washington,
Seattle, Wash.



"I got the idea from a line I read in a poem. 'Stone walls do not a prison make.'"

Information Wanted

SIR:—Additional material is desired to complete a biography of Captain Blanche Douglass Leathers, born in Tensas Parish, La., in 1860. She died in 1940. As the wife of Captain Bolling Leathers, she became famous in her own right; a licensed pilot, captain, and owner of the Mississippi river packet *Natchez* in the late 1890's.

I am interested in hearing from persons who have letters, documents, and personal recollections of biographical value, covering the lifetime period of this famous personage.

MRS. D. B. TURNBULL.
1914 Esplanade Avenue,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

Accidents Will Happen

SIR:—Your review of Henry Kyd Douglas's "I Rode with Stonewall" (*SRL*, December 28) states: "This author, who knew Jackson from Bull Run to the tragic end at Appomattox." Again: "Jackson sucking a lemon as he watches the fighting at Cold Harbor." Pretty good even for Jackson!

Stonewall died May 10, 1863 after being wounded at Chancellorsville. The surrender at Appomattox took place April 9, 1865. Cold Harbor was fought May 31-June 3, 1864, but maybe there were lemons at Gaines' Mill?

M. L. STAFFORD.
Guadalajara, Mexico.

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Language Hierarchy

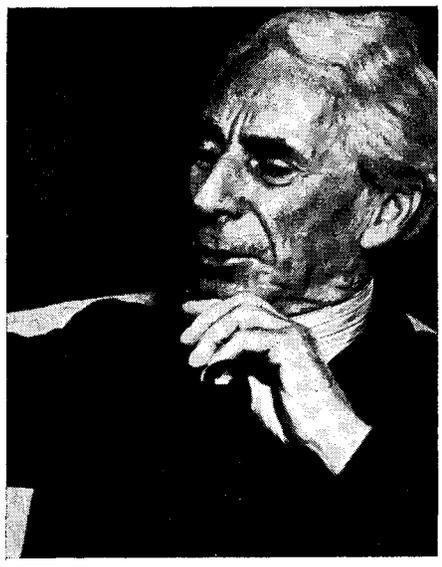
AN INQUIRY INTO MEANING AND TRUTH. By Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton. 1940. 438 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HUGH WALPOLE

THE authors of "The Meaning of Meaning" tell us that there are sixteen clearly separable meanings of "meaning." In this book, which represents the substance of his William James Lectures at Harvard last year, Bertrand Russell arranges the meanings of "meaning" as a hierarchy, beginning with the simplest form of meaning as interpreted by a person who confronts the object named—at which level meaning is simply a causal property of a noise acquired through the mechanism of conditioned reflexes. Mr. Russell anticipates two peculiar complications for his reader: firstly, that commonsensical or scientific persons find it hard to see how these problems about meaning and truth *are* problems at all, and secondly, that even when one has followed him through the twenty-five chapters of this book one will not have got very far. "The net result is to substitute articulate hesitation for inarticulate certainty." But such a result is well worth while, in such company.

After exploring in a general sort of way the nature of words and sentences, and the relation between sentences and experiences, Mr. Russell discusses the hierarchy of languages, agreeing with Tarski, Carnap, and the Logical Positivists in general that the arguments in favor of such a hierarchy are overwhelming. The lowest possible type of language is the primary—or object—language, consisting of words which can have meanings in isolation, such as the names of "things," as well as words like "run," "cat," "shout," and even "in," "above," "before," and other symbols of spatial relationships. But the primary language cannot use "or," "not," "true," "false," or any similar words which presuppose mental goings-on. Nor can we say "word" without getting into the secondary language, or "secondary language" without entering the tertiary, and so on infinitely. Of course, no word (or rather, no utterance of a word, for "words" themselves are incurably Platonic) can be moored to one level. "If some one says 'hark, hark, the lark,' you may listen, or you may say 'at heaven's gate sings'; in the former case, what you have heard belongs to the object-language, in the latter case not."

The book goes on to consider the double aspect of an assertion, which



Disraeli

Bertrand Russell

expresses a state of mind as well as indicating a fact, and to ask whether the logical categories of language correspond to elements in the non-linguistic world, and other such questions, which are epistemological rather than semasiological in scope. Mr. Russell concludes that a number of verbal statements are justified on the basis of a single experience, and that these statements belong to the biography of the observer, and bases a psychological account of the meanings of logical words on the assumption that language derives its capacity to indicate facts from its capacity to express states of mind. En route, Mr. Russell disagrees very wittily with the view of Neurath, Hempel, and others that the world of words is closed and self-contained. Lastly, the relation between truth and knowledge is examined, with the conclusion that truth is fundamental, and knowledge must be expressed in terms of truth. It is noteworthy that from the first chapters onward through the book the sliding-scale ambiguities of "knowing" are pointed out very specifically, while little is said of the complexities of "true" and "truth."

All this is far livelier than it sounds. The book is full of linguistic illustrations, which point and explain the distinctions the author makes between his various levels of language. "Or" is particularly favored. "The following conversation might occur between a medical logician and his wife. 'Has Mrs. So-and-So had her child?' 'Yes.' 'Is it a boy or a girl?' 'Yes.' The last answer, though logically impeccable, would be infuriating." Bertrand Russell has a knack for finding the unforgettable example which helps his reader to remember which argument is which in his quest after what is what.

Author, Author!

LUCIUS BEEBE, chronicler of snobbish goings-on in New York and of railroads ("High Iron," "Highliners") piloted a Diesel engine through a tape which put into operation a fancy new railroad traffic tower for the Union Station in St. Louis. Instead of his usual get-up Mr. Beebe wore a white uniform. After the ceremonies he was given a silver cocktail set engraved with his new title, "Railroad Enthusiast No. I." In February the Enthusiast will direct the Train Time party at the Surf Club in Florida. For the occasion, Mr. Beebe will supervise the transformation of the club's main lounge into a terminal with tracks, gates, ticket booths, and a miniature railway big enough for the guests to ride on.

★ ★

IN BRIEF. *Ben Hecht* began on January 13th a regular column in *PM,* called "1001 Afternoons in Manhattan." It will run in the paper five days a week. One of Mr. Hecht's best known early books, written before he became a big-shot stage and screen writer, was called "1001 Nights in Chicago" . . . *John Dos Passos* ("U. S. A.") has called his new book, due this spring, "The Ground We Stand On." It is nonfiction, described by the author as "a definition of democracy in terms of the American past" . . . *John Faulkner,* younger brother of William Faulkner ("Sanctuary," "The Hamlet"), will have a novel, "Men Working," out this spring. It deals with Southern farmers who moved to town to work on WPA. Like his famous brother, Mr. Faulkner lives in Oxford, Mississippi . . . *Peter Muir* ("War without Music") has left by plane for Rio de Janeiro where he joins fifteen members of the American Field Service who will go to Capetown to serve in General de Gaulle's African campaign. Mr. Muir commanded an ambulance section during the Battle of France. He is a veteran at this work, having served in the ambulance corps during the first World War . . . *William Pène du Bois* ("The Great Geppy") left on January 10th for service in the U. S. Army. He had to rush through the illustrations for his new book, "The Flying Locomotive," his sixth juvenile. His first children's book was published in 1936 when Mr. Du Bois was nineteen. He is the son of the painter, *Guy Pène du Bois* ("Artists Say the Silliest Things"), cousin of the scene designer Raoul Pène du Bois . . . *John P. Marquand* ("The Late George Apley," "H. M. Pulham, Esq.") was the model for the famous novelist who is the murder victim in "Three Thirds of a Ghost," by *Timothy Fuller.*

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An Index to Milton

AN INDEX TO THE COLUMBIA EDITION OF THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. By Frank Allen Patterson. New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. 2 *vols.* 2,141 *pp., with index.* $12.50.

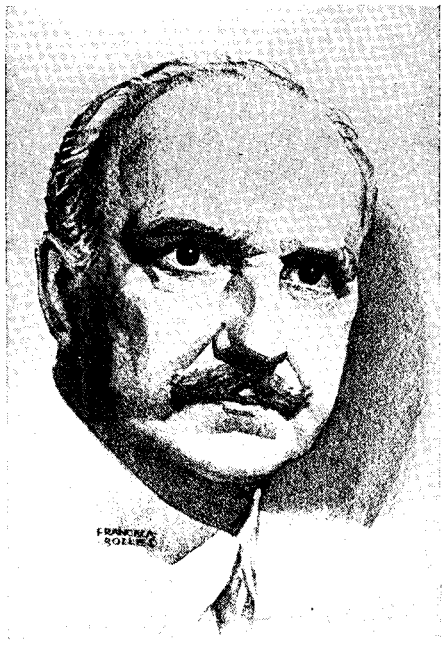
Reviewed by A. W. WITHERSPOON

THE publication of the "Index" to the Columbia "Milton" brings to a conclusion more than thirty years of labor on the part of a generation of scholars, and provides a ready and easy way for the examination of Milton's thought and work for the reader who has access to the twenty-one volumes of the complete edition. The "Index" is published as a uniform companion to the "Works," although it is sold separately, and can be used with other editions so far as the poetry and most of the prose are concerned. It is distinguished by the same fine presswork as that of the preceding volumes and its use will be as much a pleasure as a duty.

The mere statistics relating to the "Index" are eloquent of both the labors of the editors and the mighty mass and dimensions of Milton's work. More than 170,000 entries, occupying more than 2,100 double-columned pages, have been required for the task. So learned and widely-read was Milton that the editors felt it wise to include a list of parallels between his own work and that of important classical and contemporary writers. No attempt has been made to give a complete list of his borrowings, but sufficient data appear to indicate the nature and extent of his indebtedness to each author. The cross references to his own works will be indispensable in studying the evolution of his ideas and discovering his different treatment of those ideas at different times.

The "Index" will, of course, be chiefly valuable in connection with Milton's prose, which is so much less well known than his poetry. And the diligent consulter of the "Index" will learn, if he has not learned already, how little they know Milton who only Milton's poetry know. The two volumes do not constitute in any sense a concordance, but they serve to indicate how very much more extensive was Milton's vocabulary than is commonly supposed by those who base their estimates on his verse alone.

The editors have, however, been chiefly concerned with presenting what has never before been possible, "a panoramic view of Milton's thought throughout the whole body of his work," and the most valuable parts of the "Index" are the entries pertaining to his chief ideas and their relationships. The compilers have wisely refrained from grouping these ideas under tropical heads.



George Santayana

Santayana as Philosopher

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE SANTAYANA. Edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp. Evanston: Northwestern University. 1940. 698 *pp., with indexes.* $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

GEORGE SANTAYANA is variously described in this volume as an expatriate American, an antique sage, a Castilian mystic, a metaphysical poet, a materialist, a Platonist, a Scholastic, a mechanist, and a sceptic. No man with an orderly philosophy could be all of these, but Santayana's philosophy has an order that lies too deep for labels. Undistracted by names he goes his solitary way, filling the literary world with angelic prose and the philosophic world with mystery. One label he would insist upon, that of materialist—a materialism he first expressed in an age of philosophic idealism, when Royce's Absolute pervaded Harvard's halls and Hegel's ghost was everywhere. But about his "matter," which exists, he knows almost nothing, and about his "essences," which do not exist, he knows everything that an omniscient creator can know about his creatures. His philosophy remains as elusive as his personality, for he is a materialist curiously uninterested in the material aspects of the universe, a naturalist with no discernible enthusiasm for nature or for a natural society of human beings, a mechanist to whom machinery is as remote as the distant stars, a Scholastic without a theology, and a sceptic who falls in humble adoration before the shrine of the Virgin Mary. Who, "in essence," is this wandering Spaniard who became "the Mona Lisa of philosophy," and what is the nature of his philosophy?

These questions the present volume attempts to answer, with help from the philosopher himself. Second in an eminent series, the first volume of which was devoted to John Dewey, this one contains critical essays by a number of distinguished contributors. There is also a complete bibliography of his writings to date and, more important, a short autobiography and Santayana's longer reply to his critics, which he calls an "Apologia Pro Mente Sua." As might be expected, the most trenchant criticism centers upon the doctrine of essences and upon his moral philosophy. The more technical issues cannot be elaborated here nor can the reply be judged. The essays by Irwin Edman on Santayana's humanism or, rather, lack of it, by Baker Brownell on Santayana as a man and a philosopher, by Philip Blair Rice on Santayana as poet and critic, by Bertrand Russell on Santayana in general, and Santayana's own contributions will be rewarding even to those who know him only as the author of a "memoir in the form of a novel." The volume represents a treasury of infinite riches to those who appreciate the importance of Santayana as a living force in American letters.

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'n Literature

OLLINS

toman Turks in 1453 the church became a Moslem mosque, and its Christian mosaics were whitewashed over: but always it has been Hagia Sophia —Holy Sophia.

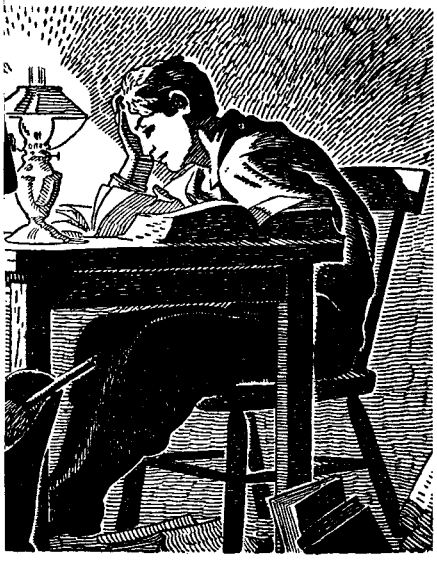
A Princeton scholar, Emerson H. Swift, enamored of its extraordinary beauty and equally extraordinary fabric, has written the first complete treatise about it in English. His studies, drawings, and photographs are now embodied in a thick quarto volume.* Over two hundred pages, set in double column, treat of the history and architectural details, with an adequate bibliography, and an index somewhat less full than is desirable. Forty-six excellently clear collotype plates, from good photographs, together with plans and elevations, illustrate the text.

Mr. Swift's book will remain the standard treatise on Santa Sophia (as it is more commonly known to us), and is of greatest value to all students of Byzantine architecture. The typography is not impeccable—the use of a heavy *lettre de somme* on title page and in heads making for a spotty appearance, but the format is clear and well organized.

ONE of the most sumptuous volumes which have lately appeared is the Courtauld family's tribute to its eighteenth century forbears, "Some Silver Wrought by the Courtauld Family of London, Goldsmiths, in the Eighteenth Century.** It is a record of the work of several craftsmen of the Huguenot family which went to England in the eighteenth century, in response to a royal decree for the encouragement of craftsmen.

The book has been printed by the Shakespeare Head Press at Oxford. The printer's problem in a book made up of text, portraits, and reproductions of craft work is more difficult than is the case with mere type and pictures: in the latter a complete harmony of type and wood engravings permits of such monumental books as those of the Kelmscott Press. But in such a book as this one, complete harmony is impossible, and the only solution is to use the best of the several methods required. The portraits in the Courtauld book are in photogravure — the best modern reproductive process, while the pieces of silver have been shown in collotype, somewhat less expensive but a highly satisfactory method of reproducing photographs. The text has been superbly handled by the printers, who are preeminent in the use of that distinctively English type, Caslon. The body of the text has been set in a large size, with chapter heads in a five or six line pica size only permissible on so large a page; and, to make this large type more effective it, as well as the plain type initial letters at the chapter openings, is printed in scarlet ink. The effect is indeed monumental but by no means frigid. To give added grandeur to the book, it is printed on hand made paper (except for the collotypes). The binding is in pattern-paper boards, the most interesting of temporary bindings. So handsome a book seldom appears.

A minor silversmith of the Massachusetts Bay Colony does not, naturally, receive the typographic attention that a Courtauld with wealthy descendants may get, but the Southworth-Anthoensen Press edition of Hermann F. Clarke's "John Hull, a Builder of the Bay Colony,"† is printed with all the competency which one has come to look for in the work of that press. It is a well-illustrated quarto volume. Hull was a versatile Englishman, brought to this country in childhood, who took an active part in the life of the new country, becoming mint-master at the age of twenty-eight, and holding many other offices during his life. The book has been faintly damned as "a good history of Boston," since it leaves something lacking in its consideration of his work as a silversmith.



THE fine old houses of Portsmouth and Newburyport and Salem were built by the shipping kings whose fortunes came in easily, quickly, and for a short time, after the American Revolutionary War. Like all getters of easy money, they needed to display their wealth, so they built great houses—great for the America of their time—great wooden mansions with a third story of smaller windows, and ornate porches and doorways. And, partly because there were some excellent "carpenters' manuals" published in London, these houses are today splendid examples of their kind. They were not all of them good—if you look carefully at them, or at the pictures in Fiske Kimball's "Mr. Samuel McIntire, Carver, Architect of Salem,"‡ you will find that in many cases the proportions are not too good, and sometimes the great fronts come perilously near banality. But the best of these houses are (or were, for many of them, like the Derby house, have been torn down) among the most stately and venerable buildings which we have.

Mr. Kimball's book, finely printed by the Southworth-Anthoensen Press in large quarto format, contains some 375 figures of plans, elevations, views, and details of his Salem work. Mr. Kimball has had the great resources of the Essex Institute to draw on, and has made an exceptionally interesting and important contribution to the history of American architecture. He has been able to correct many errors in the list of works ascribed to McIntire, and has documented his story with transcripts of Salem family documents. The invaluable series of books issued by the Essex Institute is thus enriched by these scholarly investigations of the work of Salem's most famous architect.

*HAGIA SOPHIA. By E. H. Swift, New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. 270 pp. $10.

**SOME SILVER WROUGHT by the Courtauld Family of London, Silversmiths in the Eighteenth Century. London: 1940. 100 copies privately printed.

†JOHN HULL, A BUILDER OF THE BAY COLONY. By Hermann F. Clarke. Portland, Maine: 1940. 500 copies.

‡SAMUEL McINTIRE. Carver, Architect of Salem. By Fiske Kimball. Portland, Maine: (for the Essex Institute, Salem) 1940. 675 copies.

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Poetry and Poppycock

ELIZABETH JACKSON

WE live in an age of difficult poetry. "The poetry most praised by the intellectuals of the century is largely obscure and difficult, too elliptical in its expression to be easily understood by the average reader, written often as though the poet were a member of an esoteric cult who desired to appeal only to the other members." So Mr. William Rose Benét wrote in *The Saturday Review of Literature* last August. This is a plain and accurate statement of fact. It describes the work of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, of older poets like Yeats, of the younger poets whose verses appear in all the intellectual magazines.

Along with this esoteric poetry has grown up an esoteric criticism. Poetry *ought* to be difficult. This poetry that the Plain Reader can't understand is the most important poetry of the age. It comes close to being the only important poetry of any age. It is the poetry of the future. "It is extremely probable," wrote Mr. I. A. Richards a dozen years ago, "that poets will become not less but more allusive, that their work will depend more and more not only upon other poetry but upon all manner of special fields of familiarity." "The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect," says Mr. Eliot. Whole volumes of criticism have elaborated this same theme.

Says the critic to the Plain Reader, "You don't like this poetry because you are ignorant and lazy-minded. If you had a brilliant intellect (like mine) and a comprehensive knowledge of literature (like mine) you would love it." Then he goes off into rhapsodies about "wealth of allusion," "vast associations," "intellectual imagination," and "objective correlatives." Now speaking as a Plain Reader, I admit that the poetry may be over my head, but I do think that I ought to be able to get hold of the criticism. And the more I consider the criticism critically, the more I wonder if it isn't a lot of hifalutin poppycock.

Take this business of quotations and allusions that the critics make so much of. Logically there are three possible situations. 1. Both poet and reader know the quotation already. (It may be either straight or garbled.) 2. The poet knows and the reader doesn't. 3. The reader knows and the poet doesn't. Let us consider the possibilities separately.

Suppose that poet and reader both know the quotation already. Well, playing with quotations is an old enough game. Spenser and Milton and Pope and John Livingston Lowes and Dorothy Sayers have all understood it, and so have their readers. It is a pleasure to find Chaucer's motes peopling Milton's sunbeam, or, contrariwise, to find that Milton's motes had already danced for Chaucer. An old phrase made better, an old phrase in a new context, an old phrase bringing with it reminiscences of the page where first it flowered . . . these are all familiar friends.

But, says the critic, Mr. Eliot's quotations are used in a new way. They are far, far subtler than Milton's. They have a new and mysterious efficacy. They bring with them the whole freight of Christian and humanistic culture. In fact, by the time the critic has ranged from Livy to the "Golden Bough" in commenting on a single word, there seems to be nothing that one of Mr. Eliot's quotations *can't* do.

All this would be more helpful to the Plain Reader if he knew when he was getting the right feelings. Take a familiar phrase like "the barge she sat in." That may call up Cleopatra and the silver Cydnus and Shakespeare and passion and death—and more things. My own mind goes back to Cambridge and English 2 and English 14 and English 39 and youth and college and the smell of melting snow. I hear the words in the voice of George Pierce Baker, but Professor Baker reminds me of a great many things unconnected with Cleopatra, including Thomas Wolfe and "Of Time and the River." If I start on associations, the circles go on and on, wider and wider, like a psychiatrist's interpretation of a dream. I have read pages and pages of exegesis of Mr. Eliot's quotations, and some of the interpretations go even farther afield than mine. And how do I know where to go and when to stop?

Drawing by Sir William Rothenstein
T. S. Eliot

How can you know? Mr. Eliot dedicated the "Waste Land" to Ezra Pound, "il miglior fabbro." What did he mean? The words come out of Dante's account of Arnaut Daniel in the "Inferno." Does Mr. Eliot imply that Mr. Pound is dead? Or merely in hell? It is a favorite passage of Mr. Pound's own. He translates the words "best craftsman." Is Mr. Eliot complimenting Mr. Pound? "You, my dear sir, are like that craftsman-poet whom you so much admire." Or is there another implication, a sort of literary-mathematical proportion? "You, my dear sir, are to me as Arnaut was to Dante, the inspiration of a greater poet." Once more, how can you know?

Next, suppose, as I say, that the poet musses his quotations up. Suppose Mr. Eliot changes Webster's wolf that's foe to man into dog that's friend to man. A contrast between an age that had wolves in the garden and an age that has dogs? But the Elizabethans had dogs. See "Two Gentlemen of Verona." "The dog," says one critic, "is of course the dog star." Why of course? And how would you keep the dog star out of your garden, whether you have a corpse buried there or not? And if the Plain Reader does a little serious thinking, how can he believe that you know any more about it than he does?

Now consider my second predicament. Suppose the poet has associations with the phrase and the reader doesn't. At this point the critic shrouds himself in the symbolistic fog that has enveloped our poetry ever since Mallarmé and the 1880's. The quotation acts by sympathetic magic. Even if

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you have never met it before, none the less the line acts upon you by some kind of intellectual alchemy. It is well, the critic tells us, to know the sources of the quotations, but it is not necessary. The magic operates. Only believe, and thou shalt see. . . . Only believe. Only it is so hard for the Plain Reader to draw the line between believing and being bamboozled.

It is the old theory of the efficacy of the symbol, as many of us learned it from Yeats. The rose, the tower, the winding stair, the fool, the sword blade, the wild swan . . . anyone who has lived for years with the poetry of Yeats knows his catalogue of symbols. And anyone who knows the philosophical mazes in which Yeats wandered must recognize the honesty with which Yeats believed in his symbols himself. What an infinite capacity for belief!

In a good deal of the poetry, surely, the roses and wild swans did what he wanted them to. Yet the poems are full of lines that have probably never meant anything to anyone. In one of the later volumes there is a poem on the Mother of God. "The three fold terror of love; a fallen flare through the hollow of an ear." There is a note at the back of the book saying that the words "a fallen flare through the hollow of an ear" are *"I am told,* obscure." Then Yeats goes on to describe a Byzantine mozaic of the Annunciation, with a line from the star to the ear of the Blessed Virgin, symbolizing thus the doctrine that she conceived *of the Word.* So far so good. But consider this couplet, published since Yeats's death.

> What woman hugs her infant there?
> Another star has shot an ear.

There it stands, unannotated. What can the second line conceivably mean? "Another star has shot an ear." By what possible wildest guess can the Plain Reader suspect the mystery of Annunciation and Conception? And what can he hope to do next?

Now that is an extreme instance of erudition and allusion in recent poetry, but I think that it is quite typical. Quite typical and utterly preposterous. If Yeats wants to make poetry out of the symbolism of Byzantine mosaics, let him. If Mr. Eliot wants to make his own mosaics out of Dante and Donne, by all means let him. But don't pretend that the result is a combination of the Philosopher's Stone, the Universal Solvent, and Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

At this point the critic is likely to quote Mr. Eliot's own words to the effect that "great poetry can communicate before it is understood." When I first came across that statement in its original context (Mr. Eliot was talking about Dante, not about himself) I thought that it came oddly from the pen of a classicist. The more I see it quoted, the less I like it. All these symbols and quotations and allusions are supposed to communicate. Maybe. Maybe not. As the cockney said when he heard his first owl, "I know it's a'owl, but wot's 'owlin'?"

Now for my third predicament. The reader knows the quotation and the poet doesn't. That is, the poet quotes without remembering his original, or by accident reproduces somebody else's phrasing. Consider, for instance, the horses that are in the same stanza with Cleopatra's barge, in "Burbank with a Baedeker, Bleistein with a Cigar." (My notebook is crammed with assorted annotations on that poem.)

> The horses, under the axle-tree
> Beat up the dawn from Istria.

What the horses were doing under an axle-tree is a problem that the critics don't ordinarily tackle. Mr. MacNeice puts them down as a Graeco-Roman image of the sun. Mr. Graves suggests "the little heraldic horses fixed at the side of every Venetian gondola, which may be said to be under the axle-tree of the gondola, *i.e.,* the oar." Considering that we are in Venice, why not the horses of St. Mark's? I suppose that a devout critic would shudder if I mentioned Amy Lowell and "Can Grande's Castle." As a matter of fact the thing that the lines always suggest to me is "The Ballad of East and West."

> They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn.

Mr. Eliot is at the right age to have read Kipling in the years when all of us read Kipling, and half the families we knew had dogs named Kim. If he had read Kipling when he was twelve, can this be an echo? The disciple would reply, *"No, certainly not."* Kipling is an inferior poet, and Mr. Eliot is too great to have been influenced by an inferior poet. Mr. Leavis for instance, feels that he cannot have been influenced by the inferior intelligence of Browning. Yet geniuses have a way of being influenced by inferior intelligences. Milton was influenced by Sylvester; Coleridge by Bowles. Mr. Eliot must have had a most extraordinary intellectual development if he reached maturity, untouched by such inferior geniuses as Kipling and Browning.

W. B. Yeats

Pursuing my argument, yet gladly granting that Mr. Eliot may be uncontaminated by Kipling, how do you keep the Plain Reader from getting an effluence of Kipling that doesn't belong there? The problem obviously has become twofold. How do you make the quotation carry with it the implication that you want, from the "Inferno" or the Byzantine mozaic, and how do you protect it from other alien associations, say Amy Lowell and Kipling? Which brings me to my own private contribution to the sum of Eliotian exegesis. Here it is: *There are four lines* in "Murder in the Cathedral" *from Conan Doyle.*

> Whose was it?
> His who is gone.
> Who shall have it?
> He who will come.

Where does it come from? "The Musgrave Ritual."

How shall we interpret this? Here again, Mr. Eliot is at the right age to have read Sherlock Holmes, if we imagine that his infant mind could have sunk so low. My brother and I knew the Musgrave Ritual by heart and recited it antiphonally, along with favorite conversations about the footprints of a gigantic hound and the curious incident of the dog in the nighttime. Shall we say that the words dropped into the deep well of the subconscious and that with the idea of murder, the hooked atoms linked together Thomas à Becket and Sherlock Holmes? Or shall we dismiss the connection as a frivolous irrelevance? In which case, how is the Plain Reader to know when he is to cultivate his associations and when he is to spew them out of his mouth? It all becomes curiouser and curiouser.

Luckily poetry does not stand or fall by the merits of its critics. If the poetry is good, it is good. But is there not something odd in a poetry that inspires so much critical wuzziness?

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THE JOYCE I KNEW

(*Continued from page 4*)

I never heard a voice to compare with his. Had sight singing, that is reading from the score, not been a sine qua non of the Feis competition, he would have borne off the gold medal and have been perhaps an unbodied John MacCormack; but his voice, though as sensitive, had no more feeling than a manometric flame. He won the bronze medal but he threw it away in contempt for the judges.

No man had more erudition at so early an age. Though myopic he wore no glasses, possibly because he could not afford them; but his reading must have been as prodigious as his memory was. "Memory, Mother of the Muses."

I thought of bringing him over to Oxford but regard for its conventions (snobbish reasons we would call them now), prevented me. I was competing for the Newdigate and I wished to try his method of punctuation which seemed to me unique. I tried it unaided and astonished to my cost the examiners with the result—I will not say the result—for the now Bishop of Chichester's winning poem was more classical and austere—that I only achieved a *proxime accessit*. Had there been a medal, I should not have thrown it away.

From Oxford I invited to the Tower, Samuel Trench, one of those Irish men of Cromwellian stock who had become "more Irish than the Irish themselves." In his rooms at Holywell and in Balliol he taught Gaelic long before it became the vogue. He refused to use boot polish unless it was Irish and he even thought of breaking the lamp shades until they came to be produced in the country.

In the Tower I introduced him to Joyce. He was no snob; but Joyce had so much of that worship that he allowed it to appear in his implied inferiority to the Englishman Haines whom Trench became in Ulysses.

Trench slept in a narrow bed to the right of the door which we kept ever open for light and air. I slept on the other side to the left. Joyce was away to the right at 3 o'clock on a dial under the shelves on which fish-kettles and pots and pans and tin plates were stacked high. We used tin plates because they would stand being made red hot in the fire, a method by which we used to solve the grease problem.

For months all went well. Trench got a job among that Lorenzo il Magnifico of Dublin, Sir Horace Plunkett's, "home brighteners," Oxford youths and high-born maidens who were intended to go amongst the peasantry and show them how to raise, through the Arts, their standard of living. The Gaelic League was growing: the Irish Literary Renaissance was being born. Yeats kept on founding the National theatre whenever any one likely to endow it appeared. Lady Gregory was enticing over from Liverpool a Miss Horniman who founded the Abbey Theatre and was then cast out.

IF Joyce's social status or the lack of it precluded him from the company of Home Brighteners, his effrontery to Yeats shut him out of the band of geniuses for which Lady Gregory was advertising for the Abbey.

When Yeats reached his fortieth birthday, it was proposed that a sum should be collected to present him with a Kelmscott Chaucer imprinted at the press of his friend and (at the time) master, William Morris.

Yeats was staying at the Cavendish Hotel, the first house from Rutland Square in Cavendish Row.

One evening Joyce sought audience with Yeats and obtained it because Yeats happened to answer the ring at the door.

It opened on Joyce.

"How old are you, Mr. Yeats?" Taken by surprise Yeats answered:

"I am forty years old today."

"I am sorry. You are too old for me to help you."

The door was slowly closed in his face.

He recited this incident without comment to me just after it had happened.

And that was about six o'clock. It must have been winter for we were in a tram and the evening was dark.

To this attitude and recoil from the world of beauty which Yeats was creating, like the ancient Thebes from song, George Russell refers somewhere.

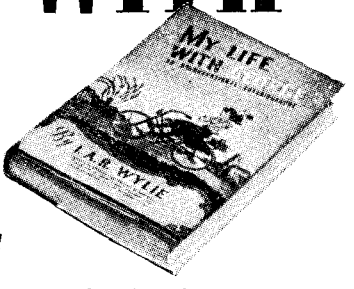
As far as I remember, the gist of his comment was that it was inevitable that there should be a recoil in such a breast as Joyce's from the poet's ordered imagination and at a time, too, when the national spirit was recreating itself through the art of Yeats. With savage indignation against all that was bad form and was holy, Joyce, a dishevelled harbinger of the Bolshevic revolution flung himself away from beauty and harmony to howl outcast for the rest of his life through the dark recesses of the soul.

The obstinate courage which enabled him for twenty years to keep on writing, all in longhand, a work of over a thousand pages without hope of a publisher, is an outstanding proof of that unswerving belief in himself and his self-expression, which made him anything but a genial companion. He was a Dante who lost the key to his own Inferno. He never, though all his life was a purgatory, passed through it to make the ascent to Paradise.

The lovely, simple notes of pure lyricism which are to be found in Chamber Music (named in mockery after the sound he made by kicking accidentally a night jar) died away

One of the season's delights!

MY LIFE WITH GEORGE



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and maniacal rage against all things established took their place in a brothel in his lacerated heart.

His unyielding, unconceding opinion of himself was to my mind hardly consistent with sanity. But then who can rage against the Divine Word or Reason and be sane?

I do not know what went on during his interview with Lady Gregory. Before he went to see her he assured me that "they" had plenty of money and that a new movement was starting to form a national Theatre. He intended not to let the opportunity slip. What the opportunity was he did not reveal. But it was obvious when he came from his visit to her that the "Old Lady says No," was all too true, even then.

I inquired how he had got on. With bent head and beating finger he recited his limerick gravely:

> There was a kind Lady called Gregory,
> Who said, "Come to me poets in beggary";
> But found her imprudence
> When thousands of students
> Cried, "All we are in that category."

When he first left Dublin about 1905 he went to Flushing to teach English in a Berlitz school. He was a linguist and could teach Italian or French. He had a picture post-card printed. It showed him in a long overcoat muffled to the throat. It was in imitation of the French poet Rimbaud, whom he admired. Two poems on what looked like galley sheets, followed. One was "Gas from a Burner." I forget what he called the other. They were both defiant, mocking and satirical. They summed up all the Dublin coterie. He compared himself to a stag at bay. I came in for some disapprobation:

> And one whose conduct seems to own
> A preference for a man of tone.

This was a reference to the fact that Trench had outstayed him as my guest. And though he thought that Trench had fired at his bed it was I who got the blame. True, I had more in common with Trench, but then Joyce would never expand. He expected to be taken blindly at an undisclosed but apparently unlimited valuation while suffering from his own imagined inferiority. There is still something to be said for men of tone. You know where you are with them. They can die for the Ideal. They do not think it incumbent on them to demonstrate their own superiority by smashing down Idealism and merging it with the primeval slime.

I hope that the adulation, even though it may have been undiscriminating, of the literary dilettantes of Paris soothed his heart insatiable for fame. He certainly left himself at the mercy of a world which is miserly in its praise, yet, when it gives it, is rarely wrong. It must have seemed to him that acclaim if sufficiently voluminous were an assurance of immortality. So long as he was convinced of his immortality he must have been acidulously happy. He certainly attained an eternity different to that with which he was threatened by the Jansenistic Jesuit when he was "but and a little tiny boy."

I was able to like the man largely because I was able to dispense with reciprocation. And we were friends at a madcap careless time. For his work he drew on all literature. Gertrude Stein with her "Portrait of Mabel Dodge," at the Villa Curonia had begun the trick of shuffling sentences and expecting them to give more suggestion that way than if they made sense. But her nonsense was only superficial. She had not thought of intussuscepting words or of making them keep the jingle and suggestion of near words such as thieves use in their argot when they say I was "elephants" meaning that they were drunk: drunk, elephants trunk: elephants.

Joyce went further than this.

In a rhyme in English argot of about 1705, the second stanza of which he quotes, you will see one of the springs of his idea. Far away from references as I am I remember only the first stanza:

> Doxy, oh, thy glaziers are
> As glimmer by the Salomon.
> No gentry mort has prats like thine
> No cove e'er wapt with such a one.

Which might be taken to mean Doxy thine eyes are as stars by my solemn oath no lady had parts like thine; No cove ever was warped with such a one. I am told that here prats means buttocks; but what does it matter?

IN Anna Livia Plurabelle his experiment is at its best. Here there is intelligible evidence of that for which he was striving and that was to make words in a surrealistic way show roots as well as blossoms. His stupendous erudition is evident in every word. I don't know exactly how many names of rivers are suggested in the description of the Liffey's woven waves that drown the reader until the sense is submerged only to give him a moment's breathing space and a glimpse of it again. The history of Dublin, that city which for all his travelling he never left, is in it too and his mockery when he makes the two washerwomen who later become one, a tree and the other a stone, wash the dirty linen of the Church. The oncoming of twilight is suggested by sentences that waver abruptly on the wing like bats. "Finnegan's Wake" may mean amongst many other themes, the death of Finn, the central figure of Ireland's Heroic Age which Yeats revived. Joyce must have found satisfaction at the national disillusionment which followed the entry of the Republicans to power in the Irish Free State. Even so a page or two should have been enough. Joyce was a great repudiator: he repudiated Ireland, he repudiated the Church, he repudiated the Classics and his more intelligible self.

When all is said, the choice between the Logos, the Divine Word, "this godlike Reason," and the large discourse and senseless mutterings of the subliminal mind's low delirium, yet remains to be taken.

There is room in this world of ours for every form of literature. But those whose gaze is clear and undimmed and steadfastly fixed on the Vision Beautiful as Yeats's was, must see what a waste of ingenuity and what nonsense this vast concordance represents.

To me it is like a shattered cathedral though the ruins of which, buried deep and muted under the debris, the organ still sounds with all its stops pulled out at once.

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Sculptor Milles

CARL MILLES. By Meyric R. Rogers. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 162 *plates.* $15.

Reviewed by ROBERT CRONBACH

CARL MILLES, born in Sweden and now living in Cranbrook, Michigan, is undoubtedly one of the leading sculptors today; and this book by Meyric Rogers is, I believe, the first comprehensive study in English of his work.

The first part of the book is biographical and critical and the remainder—considerably more than half—is a very handsome set of photographs of Milles's work. These are well chosen and well taken, and although they do not cover nearly all of his output they do give a very satisfactory and comprehensive record of his work. The series on the "Orpheus" fountain is particularly good.

The biography and account of Milles's artistic development are very interesting. Mr. Rogers shows clearly the three main influences in the development of Milles's style—his own Scandinavian heritage of northern "Gothic" traditional art; Rodin and the French Impressionists and Romantic school; and classical Mediterrenean sculpture, including both Greek and late Italian Renaissance.

Also—and this is one of the best points in the book—Milles's great understanding of the use of forms in space, their relation to one another and to intervening spaces—as a major artistic weapon is correctly assayed as an important part of his talent. And his achievements in designing fountains and other large sculptural groups in relation to outdoor settings which results from this talent are also given appropriate emphasis.

If I have any quarrel with Mr. Rogers it is that his enthusiasm for this work causes him to go off the deep end in reckoning Milles's place in contemporary sculpture.

It is certainly true, as he insists, that Milles is much more than a clever eclectic designer, as a superficial critic might hold. But it is also true that both his forms and his artistic conception lie in what might be called an eclectic and traditional framework. As a result his individual pieces do not have the force and profound intensity we look for in our greatest sculpture.

Lehmbruck, Despiau, Lipschitz, and Lachaise—arbitrarily to choose four names—are outstanding figures in twentieth century sculpture, and are as different from one another as it is possible to be (so I'm not just building up my own favorite). Now it is quite true that no one of these men could ever have carried through any one of the numerous large scale sculpture schemes which Milles has done—and done in dazzling style—so that the cities where they exist are definitely richer for their presence. But on the other hand, no single sculpture of Milles's, seen alone and unsupported by special environment, is quite the equal of the highest products of these four men in regard to emotional impact, intensity, and subtle and fresh quality of form. And it would not detract from one's appreciation of this artist to show not only the particular field in which he is really eminent but also his shortcomings in other directions.

Mr. Rogers's short page description of Milles's actual technique of production is excellent—clear, concise and completely intelligible to the layman.

All in all, this is certainly a book for anyone interested in modern sculpture.

Robert Cronbach, whose sculpture is represented in several cities, recently won the competition for the sculpture for the Social Security Building in Washington, D. C.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 356)

ELMER RICE
*FLIGHT TO THE WEST**

Rationality carried to its ruthless, logical extreme becomes madness, because man is a living and growing organism and not a machine, and in all the important things of life a sane man is irrational. . . . In the long run madness will lose.

*(From the play now running in New York. This quotation, taken from the manuscript, is really the theme.)

Historic What?

ALVAR NUNEZ CABEZA DE VACA. The Journey and Route of the First European to Cross the Continent of North America, 1534-1536. By Cleve Hallenbeck. Glendale, Cal.: The Arthur H. Clark Company. 1940. 326 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

WRECKED upon an unknown shore, Cabeza de Vaca walked or rather wandered from Florida to the Pacific in an expedition that would have been remarkable even had it taken place three centuries later. His great journey has long demanded a special monograph tracing with all possible precision the route he and his companions took. In this beautifully printed volume Mr. Hallenbeck answers the challenge to scholarship. He has himself covered with care the whole area traversed. He has compared Cabeza de Vaca's narrative point by point with drainage maps, weather maps, temperature charts, and records bearing upon plant life, animal life, and topography. An example of his careful and convincing appraisal of evidence is furnished by the treatment of Cabeza de Vaca's travels in the Pecos Valley, a river satisfactorily identified by Mr. Hallenbeck. The author holds (and does much to prove) that Cabeza de Vaca took a more northerly course than has hitherto been believed, and was the first white man to enter what are now New Mexico and Arizona. The volume contains nine specially prepared maps and charts. The book is a valuable addition to the literature of the Spanish explorations.

A DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST LOOKS BACK ON A WORLD WHICH HAS GONE FOREVER.

Richard ALDINGTON

A poet, bohemian, soldier, novelist, and wanderer relives the varied life he led in a better Europe. Colorful personalities and exciting events abound in these pages, but it is the rich character of the author himself which gives this book its individual flavor, its vividness and importance. *The Viking Press* $3.00

LIFE *for* LIFE'S SAKE

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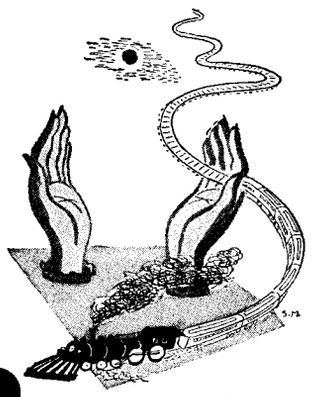
The Trovillion Private Press, of Herrin, Illinois, has printed a limited edition of Wilde's "The Happy Prince" in excellent typographical taste and in a cheerful yellow binding which can be easily spotted in a borrower's library.



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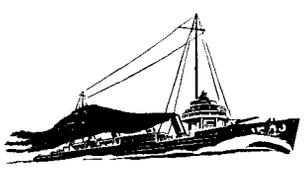

Delilah

Coming January 29

SRL readers are noted for quick perception of out of the ordinary books. They should circle Feb. 19th on their calendars. On that day Harper & Brothers will publish THE DARK GODS, a story of Nazi intrigue and intimidation among South African tribes, by the author of *God's Stepchildren,* Sarah Gertrude Millin. $2.50

Seen in Perspective

PRINCE METTERNICH: STATESMAN AND LOVER. By Raoul Auernheimer. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1940. 365 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THOSE wicked reactionaries who made the peace of Vienna in 1815 have now almost all become heroes, even for the liberal intellectuals. Castelreagh's rehabilitation began some time ago—but the English always do take the lead in such matters. Now Talleyrand and Metternich, once infamous as corrupt and heartless diplomatists without a single nice ideal to guide them, have become heroes of the great fight to organize Europe and peace. There is perhaps more here than the ordinary pendulum swing of fashion. The more Hitler looks like Napoleon, the less Napoleon looks like a hero; and the men who largely undid Napoleon's work begin to look like statesmen instead of schemers.

Mr. Auernheimer, an exiled Austrian writer, has produced a light and agreeable sketch of Metternich's career. He adds nothing to what we know about Metternich, a task which the careful work of Srbik has made extremely difficult. Mr. Auernheimer's book divides itself about evenly according to its sub-title. On Prince Metternich the statesman he writes intelligently and in accord with the recent tendencies toward revision of opinion on the men who made the peace of Vienna. On Prince Metternich the lover he writes in a tone rather unconvincingly Viennese. Adultery among the high-born is a difficult subject to write about interestingly. The realistic approach seems ineffective: it works better on Madame Bovary. The Hollywood approach, or "high-life seen from the servants' quarters," is clearly beneath the dignity of a writer like Mr. Auernheimer. What he does achieve is a kind of catalogue of mistresses, long and perhaps accurate, but rather monotonous, at least in the reading.

Sublime Vistas

INAGUA. By Gilbert Klingel. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 385 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CLIFFORD H. POPE

THE first eighth of this book tells of an attempt to sail a floating biological laboratory down the Chesapeake Bay and through the open Atlantic to the West Indies where serious zoölogical exploration was to begin. The boat was a replica of the famous *Spray* which Captain John Slocum sailed around the world in the late 1890's. Gilbert Klingel had as "first mate, chief cook and companion" a young friend who had never before seen the ocean.

From the day of departure until the *Basilisk* and its despairing crew were literally washed up on the reefs of Inagua, the first land sighted, the story is one of difficulty, tribulation, and disaster. The vessel was becalmed for days on end and battered by terrific storms while its crew was either wave-drenched and storm-blown on deck or thrown about below like rats being shaken to death in a cage-trap by an irate captor. These first chapters contain thrilling descriptions of an angry sea; one wave actually broke over the top of the forty-two foot mast while the author crouched by the wheel box.

After the wreck canned food and remnants of equipment were salvaged and taken by natives to the island's single and deplorably decadent town. Mr. Klingel remained alone on Inagua and studied its wild life, subsisting the while on tinned food supplemented by that which could be found in the sea or shot with a game-getter.

Exhibiting great tenacity of purpose the author collected with what little equipment he had saved and studied the "web of island life." Keen interest, scientific knowledge, and a philosophical turn of mind enables him to write fascinating accounts of animal behavior and associations. Creatures of various kinds come under close observation—bats, birds, lizards, fishes, and invertebrates both large and small. One entire chapter is devoted to the discovery of a nesting colony of thousands of flamingoes in the brackish swamp of Inagua's forbidding interior.

Several months after the wreck Mr. Klingel left Inagua but returned years later bringing equipment with which to examine the teeming life of the island's submerged rim. A little more than the last and best third of "Inagua" is devoted to vivid descriptions of this aquatic life. One "sublime vista" after another spread before his eyes and he could think of nothing of comparable beauty and splendor. His boatman insisted "dey's shark and dey's barracuda down dere as big as dis boat" and indeed he was not far wrong. One chapter tells about the "incredible sharks," another stoutly defends the much maligned octopus, and in the final pages a fifteen-foot manta passes just over the diver's head and seems to be "soaring rather than swimming through the water."

"Glittering," says *Will Cuppy*— "Chilling and engrossing," says *William Boehnel* — "Eminently exciting," says *Jack Ketch* — of

THE CROSS-EYED BEAR

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

BEN HOLLADAY, THE STAGE-COACH KING. A Chapter in the Development of Transcontinental Transportation. By J. V. Frederick. Glendale, Calif.: The Arthur H. Clark Company. 1940. 324 *pp.* $6.

This scholarly volume is the history of an enterprise whose picturesqueness has hitherto unduly obscured its commercial and political importance. Ben Holladay holds a permanent place in our history as the man who maintained the steady movement of freight, mail, and passengers between the Missouri Valley and the Pacific Coast during the Civil War, and drew from the undertaking a large fortune. The task of organizing the Overland Stage Line and its branches was tremendous. At one time he kept up a regular service over 3,300 miles. In 1864 he hired 15,000 men, 20,000 wagons, and 150,000 animals to haul a hundred million pounds of freight between the Missouri and the Rockies. Difficulties with weather, bad men, and above all, Indians, were incessant, and caused heavy losses. But Ben, who had arrived on the frontier from Kentucky at the age of sixteen and had gone through a long training in freighting and trading along the overland routes, was equal to his burden. When in 1865 a rival arose, the Butterfield Overland Line, he conducted a warfare that cost the new venture a million in a few months and forced it to sell out to him. But the railroads increasingly encroached upon his monopoly, and shrewdly foreseeing that the Union Pacific would leave him little to do, he disposed of his property to Wells-Fargo in good time. Dr. Frederick shows that he received $1,500,000 in cash and $300,000 in Wells Fargo stock; a princely amount for an unlettered son of the frontier to amass. From the Ophir silver-mine in Nevada he drew another fortune. It is clear from Dr. Frederick's narrative that he was often ruthless in his business methods, but it was a ruthless age. This book, though too mechanical in organization, is well written and interesting, and represents an enormous amount of research in widely-scattered sources.

A. N.

ONCE A REBEL. By Simon Kaplan. Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Mr. Kaplan looks back upon a life that ranges from boyhood in Russia, before the first abortive revolution in 1905, forward to a lively and prosperous citizenship in today's America. He attempts to develop the details of his memories along two lines, one reminiscent, one hortatory, and it must be said that the first is quite effective, the second much less so. As a series of suggestive pictures that restore a section of a scene now utterly de-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER WITH LONG HAIR *H. Donald Spatz* (Phoenix Press: $2.)	Sweepstakes winning cop takes wife and chucks job only to run plump into murderous doings in Penna. mountain community.	Pleasant characterizations and plenitude of plot, but narrative treatment and solution both have much to be desired.	Machine-made
THE ODOR OF VIOLETS *Baynard Kendrick* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Two savage killings solved, and sabotage gang dispersed, by Capt. Duncan Maclain, blind New York detective.	Judged either as detective story or spy thriller this has everything it takes to make gorgeously shiversome entertainment.	Stellar honors
SHOAL WATER *Dornford Yates* (Putnam: $2.)	Jeremy (Thunder) Solon, of Savile Row, after high adventure in France and at sea, saves lovely girl from villainous "Shepherd's" clutches.	First-class romance-adventure-crime story built along familiar lines, but handled with speed, finesse, and nice eye for grim details.	Exhilarating
THE BISHOP'S CRIME *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Blunt instrument wounds English dean and kills two minor British criminals. Reggie Fortune tightens tenuous clews into strong chain of evidence.	Medieval documents, Gothic cathedrals, and everlasting greed for gold give Reggie chance to do better than ever sleuthing job.	Elegant
DIAGNOSIS: MURDER *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2.)	Young Ohio doctor with flair for detection is hero of snappy shorts and good novelette.	Medico's keen eye for tiny but significant details makes volume extra good hunting.	High grade

WILLIAM McFEE says:

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Home is the Sailor

The Life of William Brown, Master Mariner and Penang Pilot

By WILLIAM BLAIN

$2.75

Sheridan House
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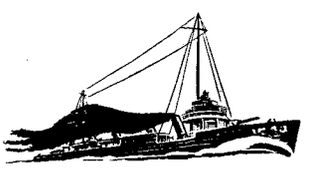

Delilah

Coming January 29

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stroyed, the book is good. Here you will find the old Jewish household in a Czarist Russian town, just as it had existed in a thousand such towns, this little world huddled fearfully inside another and hostile world, the piety, the vitality, the desperations, of the Ukrainian Jews. It is a typical, if not a noteworthy, memoir. But as a study of political forces and revolutionary tactics it falls short. Frankly, Mr. Kaplan does not, by his own account, seem to have been either a shrewd or a dominant actor in the drama. He was a rebel by virtue of his emotions, not his talents. The questions of parties, policies, philosophies, final judgments, are not to be answered by such as he, honest reeds in the wind but never makers of the storm.

N. L. R.

Fiction

REMEMBER TODAY. By Elswyth Thane. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 266 *pp.* $2.

To be quite temperate about it, "Remember the Day" is a lifeless melange of all the little stock bits of business which have been filling out pulp fiction for years; and calling it "a modern love story" on both sides of the dust cover doesn't help matters any. It is mentioned also that this is Miss Thane's first novel with an American hero. Well, if you never saw anything of America except its movies you might get some such notions as these: a big divorce ranch in Nevada, boy meets girl, love at first sight, boy loses girl, boy becomes great playwright, girl becomes big movie star, shots of Hollywood, London, New York (smart set, all bright and spiffed), girl marries wrong man, gallant break of heart, comes the war, wrong man steps out, boy gets girl. The insulting part of all this is the utter carelessness of detail; we are supposed to swoon at the mere mention of these high spots and fill in for ourselves. Therefore, Sierra and James are a mythical couple of dead sticks, and the bright device of telling the tale through a Guardian Angel merely adds to the general desolation. If Guardian Angels are as trite and oafish as this one, it's just as well there aren't any.

N. L. R.

LANDFALL. By Nevil Shute. Morrow. 1940. 284 *pp.* $2.50.

There is a heavy overcast with low visibility. You are at the fag end of your six-hour patrol run, zig-zag from the coast of England to France and back. The second pilot of your plane is grounded by the flu, and the radio operator is the nearest thing to an idiot one can be and still live. You have to do the navigation for yourself, working parallel rulers across the map on the empty seat beside you. You are tired. You have been warned not to attack any submarine up to a certain hour. As you skim the surface, a few hundred feet up, a submarine suddenly stands before you, black and menacing. You glance at your watch; it is a good hour past the time you were to let subs alone, and in the first dive you catch no British identifying marks on this one. The submarine starts to dive—fast. You climb, bank, swoop and give her everything in your bomb racks.

What if a British sub fails to report that night? What if you have just fallen in love?

This is the landing field from which author-aviator Shute takes off on his flight. He renders the tale as credible through perfection of detail as that "Ordeal" which so short a time ago so many people thought impossible in spite of its credibility. In fact, it may be said with a special and proper emphasis, that this perfection of detail *is* Mr. Shute. Others know aerial warfare; others can make imaginary people go through the motions of real ones. But no one has so well succeeded in translating the language of an official report: "While three miles off the Caskets, sighted an enemy submarine on the surface"—into the human emotions of all the persons involved.

The only trouble this time is that Mr. Shute has devoted his peculiar talent to a rather easy and pot-boilerish sort of story. The original situation is fine, the details, as grim, gay, credible as ever, but not long after the start the emotional tension begins to let down. One is on a too-familiar road, and one travels it to the expected ending, entertained chiefly by the weather.

F. P.

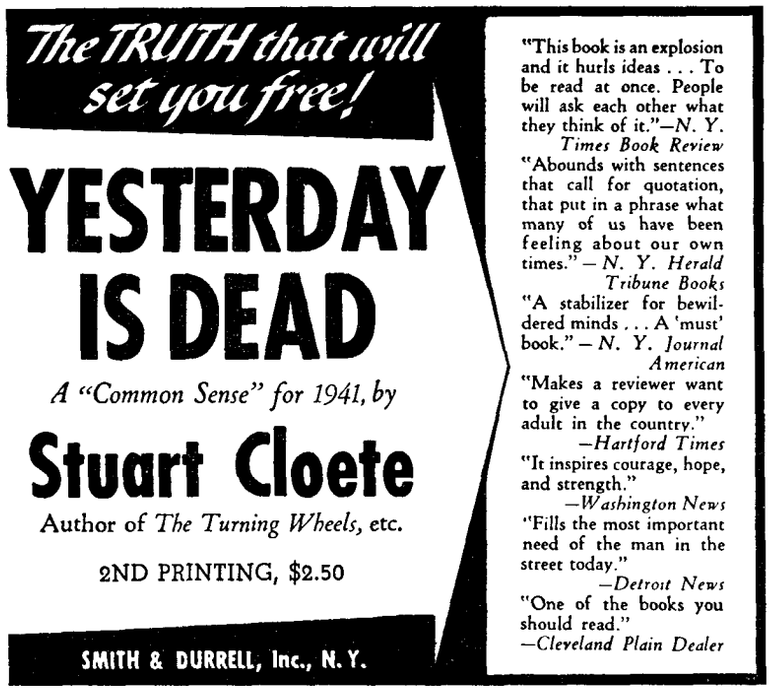
DEEP GROW THE ROOTS. By Mari Tomasi. Lippincott. 1940. 285 *pp.* $2.

Deep grow the roots, and green is the valley, and lush is the prose. Luigi and Nina act out their tender little love story against a pastoral backdrop, all rolling hills and cloud puffs, drenched in an atmosphere of sunshine and poetic writing. Even the death of Luigi at the end cannot add the tragic note that was intended. It is all three layers removed from actuality; in between are Miss Tomasi's unrelenting lyricism and the gentle abstraction of her characters. Death itself is unreal and, very much like Keats's Grecian urn, there is the illusion of frozen permanence. Forever will Luigi pursue and Nina poise in flight. The peasants will dance and sing and eat thus forever, tending their trees and flocks. There is mention of Mussolini and Abyssinia and men drafted for war, but nobody believes in it any more than in a bad dream. Certain pages of Miss Tomasi's imagery are splendid, certain pages moving. It is merely that a story told in unrelieved lyricism seems in one way or another to be incomplete.

N. L. R.

DREAMER'S CLAY. By George Abbe. Holt. 1940. 304 *pp.* $2.50.

Edwin Arlington Robinson in his excellent poem "Flammonde" tells of a vagabond who wanders into a New England town and acts as a catalytic agent in the lives of the villagers, erasing old feuds, righting wrongs, creating fresh opportunities. "Dreamer's Clay" tells a similar story. Mark Darrow, a moon-struck idealist who believes that man can raise himself by his own bootstraps, settles down in a decaying New England village to devote himself to sculpture and study the natives. Appalled by the general air of defeatism, he begins spreading the gospel of "Invictus." His method is simple: to stir the creative in these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"Makes a reviewer want to give a copy to every adult in the country." —Hartford Times
"It inspires courage, hope, and strength." —Washington News
"Fills the most important need of the man in the street today." —Detroit News
"One of the books you should read." —Cleveland Plain Dealer

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hopeless people, to fire the imagination that might bring good and inner expansiveness. The novel consists of a series of episodes demonstrating the success of his experiments.

The idea is as sound as it was thirty years ago when Robinson wrote "Flammonde," but one wishes that the hero were a bit more credible. He talks as though he were quoting from some scrapbook of Similes and Other Gems from the Poets, yet he is a two-fisted man of action. As a pixie he is too heavy-footed, and as a brawny hero out of James Oliver Curwood he is a shade too precious. The minor characters—the town drunk, the prying gossips, the local capitalist, the postmaster—are real enough, and no contemporary writer knows the New England village and villagers better than Abbe. Readers familiar with the author's verse will not be surprised to find the descriptive passages, with their sharp, fresh imagery and stately Old Testament cadences, superior to the dialogue. The use of the hurricane as a deus ex machina to bring the story to a close gives an incongruous cinema flavor to the final action. Abbe is marking time in "Dreamer's Clay"; he has not yet fulfilled the promise of his first novel, "Voices in the Square."

R. A. C.

Miscellaneous

BEHIND THE SCENES OF MURDER. By Joseph Catton, M.D. Norton. 1940. 355 *pp., with index.* $3.

For twenty-seven years Dr. Catton has been an expert psychiatric witness in murder cases. In this book he tells the story of some of these crimes, giving extensive, frequently verbatim, accounts of his interviews with the prisoners. They killed for various reasons, some almost accidentally, some almost casually, others because of wrath or alcohol, or perverse sexual feelings, or because of psychotic distortions. To each of them, Dr. Catton brought to bear a curious, impartial, and tolerant intelligence. In this book he tells us his thoughts on each case, how he reasoned concerning the human and social problems involved, what he would have wished done, and what the present legal and judicial set-up permitted him to do.

Dr. Catton writes unprejudiced by any theory for which he must do propaganda. He is critical but never impatient. He considers that murder is a human fact, something that happens, and he reveals throughout the book that he demands no perfection of the judges, lawyers, and psychiatrists that deal with the murderer. For they are human too and faced with a problem that is still too great to permit of a perfect solution. Intelligent and critical tolerance pervades the book, even to the lawyers who have opposed him with an aggressive totalitarian "all out" technique, set to win at all costs. They, too, he understands are playing their appointed role.

Dr. Catton makes no pretense at style: he lets the content provide its own interest. At the end, the reader is left much enriched by factual information and with an awareness of the general and specific problems that are still unsolved.

B. D. L.

GETTING READY TO BE A MOTHER. By Carolyn C. Van Blarcom, revised by Hazel Corbin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 190 *pp.* $2.50.

This story of expectant motherhood simply and directly told by Carolyn Van Blarcom has been revised and brought up to date by Hazel Corbin, general director of the Maternity Center Association. The addition of many excellent photographs has added immeasurably to the usefulness of this book. One series of photos, entitled "How one mother got ready," gives all the essentials of pre-natal care in a most interesting fashion. Most helpful are the pictures which depict the approved methods of feeding, bathing, and dressing babies. But perhaps most impressive of all are the reproductions of the plaster models displayed by the Maternity Center Association at the World's Fair showing the development of the embryo. The text itself is unusually clear and to the point, and should prove a great aid to all who may be anticipating that "blessed event."

S. C.

MY LIFE IN A MAN-MADE JUNGLE. By Belle J. Benchley. Little, Brown. 1940. 294 *pp.* $3.

There are many who will, at first blush, view with distaste the unladylike vocation of which Mrs. Benchley writes in this book. She is a sort of Mother Superior in an establishment of wild beasts, duenna to a household of lions, tigers, elephants, vultures, gorillas, seals—even a hippopotamus. Confronted in middle-life with the abrupt necessity of supporting herself and her son, she got a job as bookkeeper from which, in nineteen months, she rose to be Director of the Zoölogical Gardens of San Diego, a post she still holds. Her work at the zoo brings her into close and constant contact with its inmates. When an animal is sick, or merely unhappy, she is the one to cherish it; while the specialists administer drugs and diets, she administers the human comfort and understanding which is as necessary to animals in captivity as to little children.

It is Mrs. Benchley's simple, instinctive understanding of animals that gives value to what she has to say of them here. She regards them with that mixture of humor, tenderness, admiration, and scientific curiosity that is the mark of those who instinctively feel their human kinship to the beasts. The behavior of wild animals in their normal habitats is frequently studied. But few have been studied in captivity where, if their environment is abnormal, their lack of privacy nevertheless makes possible such intensive observation as could never be carried on in the wild. Mrs. Benchley's comments on the behavior of her wards are those of a gifted observer with a ring-side seat.

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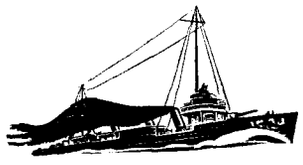

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But she makes no pretense to scientific solemnity. This is simply a rambling anecdotal account of life in a big zoo, and though its inmates occupy the foreground of the picture, it is also full of interesting and entertaining stories concerning the operation of such a zoo, the purchase and preparation of strange food-stuffs in quantity, the housing of animals according to their specific needs and the requirements of exhibition, the excitement of collection from all over the earth, and all the problems and emergencies, large and small, that are the daily concern of a zoo-director. It combines entertainment and solid worth in one package.

L. J. H., Jr.

Travel

SONS OF SINBAD. By Alan Villiers. Scribners. 1940. 429 *pp.* $3.75.

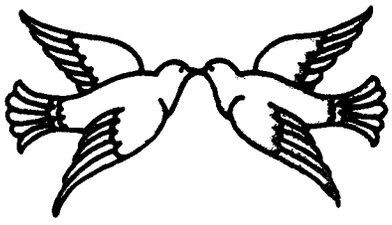
For a number of years now Alan Villiers has been knocking around the navigable waters of the world aboard various marine oddments and then writing pieces about it. As a profession this has the faint tinge of phoney that hangs around private diaries written with ultimate publication in view. But the notes to guide the typesetter did not keep Amiel's diary from being a classic, and the fact that Villiers made his latest voyage with a secondary purpose has not kept it and the narrative of it from being—well, if not a classic, at least something pretty special.

It was a trip aboard an Arab dhow from the head of the Persian Gulf around the foot of Arabia, down the African coast to Zanzibar and the Rufiji, then back up the Persian Gulf to Kuwait. It took nearly a year, and for the Arabs it was a pure matter of business. For Villiers it was in some sense a kind of archaeological expedition; the dhows are the last craft in the world to make commercial voyages under pure sail and without the now ubiquitous kicker.

Whatever the author's motives in the beginning the trip was no phoney from any point of view in the performance. He was installed on six feet of bench on an open poop aft, where the rains fell and the wind blew on his hide as they did on those of everyone aboard. Their food was rice soaked in ghee and mixed with bits of fish whose flavor was apt to be high. The coffee was flavored with cloves. Villiers's book-Arabic turned out so different from the sailor brand, that the crew quoted the "Arabic" words he used back to him under the impression they were speaking English.

At the start of the voyage something hit him on the head, leaving him nearly blind and partly paralyzed for a number of days whose exact lapse he never did determine. The dhow leaked; it was navigated by keeping the coast in sight; it nearly ran under every time they had a gale of wind; the only chart aboard was published by the Honorable East Indian Company and marked correct to 1783. Everyone aboard was a smuggler of some kind. On the trip down they carried so many passengers that the space for each worked out at exactly six feet by two—for a voyage of months.

And everyone was unfailingly courteous and kind. The experience, in short, was that of a seagoing T. E. Lawrence, with the exception that the fate of no war hung on the outcome. Whether the resemblance is deliberate or not, it is successful. Villiers imparts to the question of whether the *Triumph of Righteousness* will make a prosperous journey an excitement as keen as that with which Lawrence surrounds the capture of Damascus, and when he brings her to port one wishes only that the trip had been longer. Which is perhaps the acid test of any book or travel. F. P.



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HERE'S DEATH VALLEY. By C. B. Glasscock. Bobbs-Merrill. 1940. 329 *pp., with index.* $3.

Death Valley, of Inyo County, Southern California, lies close to the Nevada line. It is a basin or trough some 130 miles long, ten to twenty miles wide at the bottom between the border ranges, is mainly below sea level, even to 400 and more feet below, is shimmering, brittle, beautiful, fantastic, dry, scant of water, capable of 122° in the summer shade; is friendly enough to those who obey its regulations, is today a National Monument and a tourist resort improved by CCC work and caravansaries. Mr. Glasscock tells all about it in all its aspects, physical and human, natural and acquired—although man can change it little. He can adapt it.

As testimony of his intimate knowledge of the confines Mr. Glasscock may refer to his desert sheet, the *Death alley Chuckwalla* (need one explain that the chuckwalla is a desert lizard?), of ten issues beginning with 1907. He opens this book of his, and his Valley, with old Indian George, and closes with Indian George. By that he covers the Valley's known history of ninety years, and has done it with a prospector's eye for float and outcrop.

The grim reputation of Death Valley is embodied in its legends. Europe, Asia, and America now meet in the hostelries, and picnic steaks are served in places where once only the jackass prospector squatted beside his sizzling bacon. But a little regard for roads and signposts is still of value.

E. L. S.

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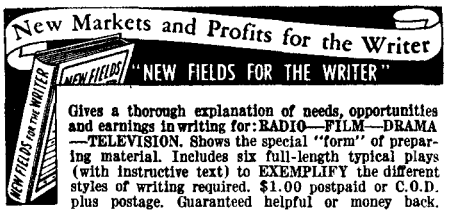

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By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

				1-V	2-A	3-S		4-T	5-J	6-N	7-S	8-Q	9-I		10-C	11-P
	12-I	13-T	14-O	15-L	16-W	17-X		18-C	19-R		20-N	21-O	22-J	23-H	24-D	25-X
	26-F	27-C		28-K	29-P		30-L	31-K	32-T	33-V	34-Q	35-I	36-B	37-R	38-G	
39-W	40-G	41-I	42-E	43-O	44-X	45-R	46-N		47-I	48-A	49-G	50-V	51-U	52-D	53-L	54-M
55-C		56-H	57-P	58-D	59-K		60-K	61-E		62-P	63-E	64-A		65-F	66-G	
67-J	68-H	69-R	70-A	71-C	72-O	73-S	74-F		75-X	76-E	77-V	78-C	79-K		80-M	81-D
82-Q	83-H	84-L	85-U	86-V	87-W	88-T		89-M	90-S		91-C		92-U	93-O	94-I	95-R
96-V		97-U	98-W	99-H	100-C		101-F	102-D	103-P		104-S	105-A	106-O	107-I	108-H	
109-E	110-J	111-H	112-W	113-A	114-Q		115-R	116-M	117-O	118-T	119-B	120-U	121-W		122-K	123-P
	124-C	125-K	126-R		127-X	128-H	129-U	130-F	131-A	132-B	133-P	134-S	135-E		136-C	137-F
138-K		139-A	140-P	141-F	142-T		143-L	144-M	145-T	146-O	147-D	148-F		149-E	150-A	
151-X	152-G	153-U	154-B	155-G		156-K	157-J	158-N	159-F	160-Q		161-V	162-L	163-M	164-K	165-T
166-J	167-S	168-R	169-A	170-U		171-P	172-D		173-M	174-L	175-P	176-T	177-V	178-U	179-S	180-R
	181-W	182-E	183-V	184-F		185-N	186-B	187-U	188-S							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Looking or acting two ways (comp.)
B. Greek poet of Lesbos (B.C. 7th cent.)
C. Change of state, substance or form.
D. Act of purchase.
E. Poetic name for a swain ("Arcadia").
F. Transposition of letters in a word.
G. Excessively (U. S.)
H. Only just.
I. Competition.
J. City in Portugal.
K. Cellular tissue covering free surface.
L. Estimation.
M. One who eats in small bits.
N. Afresh.
O. Certain; sure.
P. Act of making contiguous.
Q. Appropriate for song.
R. Crushing burden.
S. On any and all occasions (2 wds.)
T. Bargain, contract (vb.)
U. Making taut or unyielding.
V. "War" of 1836-39 with Britain over Northeast boundary.
W. Monster half-lion, half-eagle.
X. Prepared for publication.

WORDS

139	105	169	2	70	150	131	113	48	64
36	154	119	186	132					
100	71	18	91	55	136	124	78	10	27
81	147	24	58	52	172	102			
135	61	182	42	109	76	149	63		
184	159	130	101	65	137	74	141	26	148
66	152	38	40	49	155				
128	83	68	99	23	56	111	108		
12	41	35	94	107	47	9			
5	67	110	22	166	157				
138	156	60	28	59	79	125	122	31	164
15	30	143	53	162	174	84			
54	173	163	89	144	116	80			
185	20	158	6	46					
21	43	117	72	93	146	106	14		
62	103	175	140	123	133	171	57	29	11
82	114	160	34	8					
115	168	45	126	180	37	19	95	69	
134	73	179	3	90	167	7	104	188	
88	118	165	4	176	32	145	142	13	
129	51	85	92	97	153	120	178	187	170
50	177	1	77	161	33	86	183	96	
121	16	112	39	181	98	87			
25	17	127	75	151	44				

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SRL readers are noted for quick perception of out of the ordinary books. They should circle Feb. 19th on their calendars. On that day Harper & Brothers will publish THE DARK GODS, a story of Nazi intrigue and intimidation among South African tribes, by the author of *God's Stepchildren,* Sarah Gertrude Millin. $2.50

TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

ONCE a year the American Booksellers come out of their shops and stores and offices, gather around a luncheon table, and start telling book publishers what THEY think were the best books of the year. This year they're breaking bread on February 11th at the Hotel Astor, New York, and voting for their favorite novel, non-fiction, and "the book that didn't have the audience it deserved." In the latter category we are going to do a little predicting on our own. We choose *Who Walk Alone,* by Perry Burgess. This is a fine, moving tale of a leper colony told with study and understanding. Its sales were low and slow and unworthy of it. Readers—make contact.

☞And since we are hazarding guesses we're going to call the turn on *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* and *New England: Indian Summer* for the other choices. Let's have it if we're wrong.

★ ★

☞Hitler and Goebbels are out to do a thorough job in the matter of burning all books in Europe. Not content with their book-burning rituals in Berlin and other Nazi-occupied lands, they're using the Blitz technique over London. One of the saddest losses of all was that of the firm of Simpkin, Marshall & Company. Struck by bombs, fire rapidly spread and it is estimated that more than 3,000,000 old and rare volumes have been burned. Losses to publishers have been terrific too. The premises of 25 publishers have been partially or wholly destroyed.

★ ★

☞Speaking about London, word comes from Doris Leslie that she and her husband, a London physician, manage to get some sleep during bombardments by spending nights in a caravan outside of the city. Mrs. Leslie, author of *Royal William,* writes: "We park the caravan just outside London's barrage. Of course getting to it (a half-hour's drive) is no joy ride. Last night bombs were dropping all around, shrapnel flying, whizzing past car windows. We are getting a mattress now to put on top of the car. My husband has a tin helmet as he is on duty (one of his three hospitals has been bombed); but I have only a hunting cap, made to withstand horses' hoofs, but scarcely shrapnel. The raiders come right over us, but we don't get such a local banging of guns. Two fields away there are three colossal craters, and the caravan was nearly blown over."

★ ★

☞You young poets at Yale University had better get out your portable and begin writing verse. To be sure Spring is still two months away, but time and Yale wait for no poet. March 1 is the closing date for the annual competition in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. Any American poet under thirty who has not previously published a volume of verse is eligible for the $100 prize and the usual royalties that go with publication.

★ ★

☞J. B. Lippincott has acquired control of Carrick & Evans. This merging of one of the oldest publishing houses in America with one of the youngest, brings together an imposing list of distinguished authors. Lynn Carrick has been elected to the Lippincott Board of Directors, joining the organization in the New York office, where he will be associated with George Stevens. His partner, Robert Evans, recently took up service in the United States Army. Among the authors that join the merger are David Loth, John Chamberlain, Frank O. Hough, Princess Paul Sapieha, and Paul I. Wellman. J. B. Lippincott will celebrate its 150th anniversary in 1942.

★ ★

☞One of the really interesting books we are looking forward to is the one William L. Shirer, Columbia Broadcasting System's European representative for the last three years, is doing for Alfred A. Knopf. Mr. Shirer came back from Germany late last month and does not expect to return. Consequently much of the material will be of a nature that has been carefully censored and prevented from being broadcasted from Berlin. News, that is authentic news, from the German capitol is scarce indeed. Revelations from such an experienced observer as Mr. Shirer should be important news.

★ ★

☞Mrs. Hudson is summoning the Baker Street Irregulars to their first meeting of the year. The dinner will be held in New York on January 31 at a hotel (name withheld) in which Sherlock Holmes very likely stayed while in America. We cannot promise to report on the dinner itself, since the boys may not remember what went on after the traditional toasts to "*The* Woman," "Mrs. Hudson," "Mycroft," and "The Second Mrs. Watson."

★ ★

☞Alfred Knopf, recently returned from a Western scouting trip, is on a swing through the South to visit authors, would-be writers, and the trade.

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